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JUNE 14, 1976

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**Sex Scandal
in Washington**

TIME

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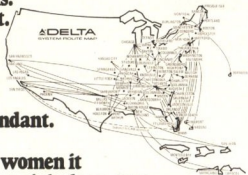
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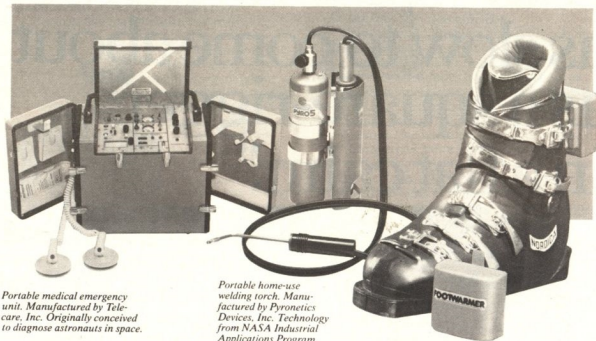
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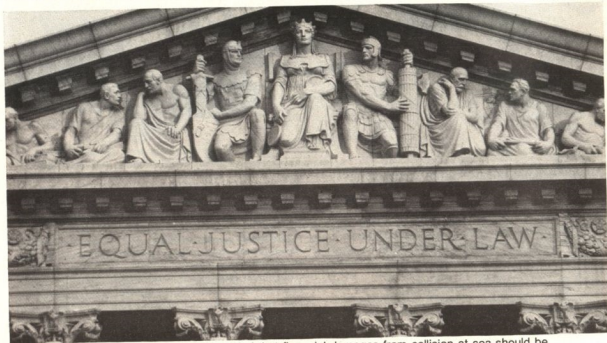
National Aeronautics and
Space Administration

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"Once they have set a course, courts can be as slow to come about as a square-rigger in a flat calm."

Wide World Photos, Inc.



"In 1854 the Supreme Court ruled that financial damages from collision at sea should be divided equally among those at fault. Now they have finally managed a reversal of course."

To most Americans, the law is as dry and forbidding as the Gobi desert.

Yet, after all, law deals with human behavior, however dehydrated; and it touches every part of our lives.

In Time Magazine, the Law section is a weekly demonstration of Time's aptitude for animating dullness, illumi-



nating obscurity, and retrieving relevance from masses of details.

Time's editors know a legal landmark when they see one, and they know how to show you why it matters.

You know what Time does. And reading it every week reminds you how well.

The Weekly Newsmagazine

"One of the best ways for you to beat inflation is to buy a new home."

If you can scrape together the down payment, you should buy a new home. Right now!

"If you're like most people, a home is the biggest investment you'll ever make. And right now, that investment is one of your best protections against inflation. Compare it to other investments... stocks fluctuate, automobiles depreciate, life insurance and savings lose their buying power when the dollar deflates. Real estate values tend to keep pace

with inflation. As prices go up, the value of your house and land tends to go up with them.

Homeowners are favored with important income tax savings.

"Your monthly payment against a mortgage on your home gives you valuable tax deductions, and lets you build up equity in your property. Today, real estate ownership can be better than money in the bank. When you save money, you pay taxes on the interest you receive. When you make mortgage payments, you can deduct your interest when you figure your taxes. From a financial point of view, owning your own home is a very good deal.

Where do you get the money?

"Savings and Loan Associations are the major source of residential mortgages in the United States. Commercial banks are the second. Life insurance companies are another source. In some parts of the country, Mutual Savings Banks offer residential mortgages. If you're a veteran, you can get help from the Veteran's Administration (VA). Your builder or realtor can also give you sound, useful financial advice. Remember, no one wants you in a new home more than they do.



The new American home is affordable, expandable and efficient.

"Builders across the country are offering an affordable 'back-to-basics' three-bedroom house for as little as

\$20,000 and ranging upwards in some regions to \$35,000. It's expandable because it gives you the comforts of home now, yet if your family grows, the basic house can grow with it.

"Today's new home is often designed by a staff of architects working for a professional builder who uses the efficiencies of high-volume technology, a team of skilled workmen, and the best building materials, tools and construction techniques. New homes are packed with energy-saving materials and products. This new snugness cuts heat requirements and saves money on today's expensive fuels.

There's no place like your own home.

"The happiest, most stable families live in their own homes. The home is not only their largest investment... it's their most successful. If you have any money at all, you should buy a new home. Right now.

"These are a few of the reasons why I believe that now is the best time in 200 years for you to buy a new home."

W. M. North
Chairman of the Board

Here's help for you. A specially-researched guidebook, "The Realities of Buying a Home," is now available. Easy to read, it offers facts that could be worth hundreds of dollars and years of homeowner satisfaction. It will help you ask the right questions. Send a check or money order for \$1.00 to "Guidebook," National Gypsum Company, Dept. T-66C, Buffalo, New York 14225. Offer expires October 30, 1976.



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The Gains and Pains of Change

To the Editors:

Thank you for your article on the American Catholic Church [May 24]. It is nice to know that I am not alone in my spiritual dilemma. I am unable to accept a church that has become so concerned about questions of language and the direction the priest should face that it cannot rationally address itself to such problems as birth control and abortion.

Will I send my children to a Catholic school? Definitely yes. It still seems the best place available for their religious and moral education.

Arthur E. Fournier Jr.
Yuba City, Calif.

Thank God. The Catholic Church has finally emerged from the catacombs.
Clare Kristofco
Altoona, Pa.

I am an "apostate" Catholic who returned to the church after ten years of disowning it. Why? Because I find the

anism of the personal whim of some bishop or parish priest, and people are just as truly "stuck with it" as they would have been years ago with a decree from the Pope.

(Mrs.) Mary D. Paulhamus
Frederick, Md.

The question puzzling most thinking Catholics today is not "How long will the church endure?" but "How long will the church endure Andrew Greeley?"

Rita Anton
Oak Park, Ill.

Catholic priests allowed to marry? Perish the thought. If they were allowed to do so, who would tend to the affairs of the parish—bingo, Cadillac raffles, trips to Las Vegas, St. Patrick's Day dances?

Carlos A. Hidalgo
Mount Fern, N.J.

The garments I wear at the beach differ from those I wear at a wedding, yet I am the same person. Customs and outer appearances change, but the heart of the church is one and undivided in hope, faith and love.

Paul W. Harper
Rochester

A word of thanks from the "parish that copes and hopes." You helped us to know ourselves better and to see ourselves as others see us.

(The Rev.) Frederic J. Harter
St. Ignatius Loyola
Hicksville, N.Y.



whole scene exciting, and my church (defined as community, not hierarchy) just plain heroic.

The conservatives can get jittery, the radicals edgy, but here I am in the middle, digging it all.

Helen K. Westover
New York City

My friends and I did not "leave" the church; we were driven away by guitar-strumming, Protestantizing ecumenists. Greeley calls the past church false security. I called it a rock.

Frances Noel Barber
Farmersville, Ohio

The "old" church was openly and honestly authoritarian. If some regulation was difficult, one knew that everyone was struggling with the same difficulty. Now we have the authoritari-

I believe small-town boys (and girls) leave home and sometimes make good elsewhere because the opportunity simply isn't there at home.

The green trees, purple and white petunias and fundamentally decent peo-

ple who live in Dixon are probably the same as in most small towns. But a leader only leads as he (or she) becomes aware of the people in the cities too—their hurts and frustrations and despair. A bright smile, glad hand and simplistic phrases are not enough.

Claire Metzger
Dixon, Ill.

When I was a fifth-grader in New York City, I was taken by the teacher to visit the *Daily News* on 42nd Street. With great pride, he pointed out that the copy boys running about were making \$9 a week, were all college graduates, and that there was a long waiting list for the job. The message was clear: life in New York City is tough, you have to struggle and still you won't make it.

The litany of defeat is not drummed into small-town kids. They're not told they have to lose, so they don't.

Herbert J. Teison
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

I would suggest another reason for the small-town backgrounds of our Presidents: male WASPs are somehow perceived as representing everyone. Ethnic minorities have been concentrated largely in urban areas. It is no coincidence that the only (Irish) Catholic President was from an urban area.

Patricia Dillon
New Haven, Conn.

A Human Actor

The excellent article on Marlon Brando [May 24] showed him for what he truly is: a human being who's an actor, rather than vice versa.

Alfred L. Weisfelder
Akron

Since when do we concern ourselves with a lout, a boor and a phony like Brando? For God's sake spare us!

Lawrence Wertan
Charleston, S.C.

Mr. Brando may mean well, with respect to the Native American Movement, but his lordly countenance on that atoll in the Pacific smacks of autocratic rule. Like most radicals, Mr. Brando seeks power. Granted it's power to do good, but sheer, raw power all the same.

Robert S. Harris
San Francisco

Hills for Ford

You report the allegations [May 24] that 1) I am unwilling to speak for the President, and 2) I can't decide whether I am a Republican.

The easily verifiable facts are that I have given speeches for the President in Michigan, Ohio, Virginia, Indiana, Pennsylvania and California.

I have been a registered Republican ever since I became eligible to vote. Any one who has read any of my speeches

Of all filter kings:

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for
other top brands that call themselves "low" in tar.

	tar, mg/cig.	nicotine, mg/cig.
Brand D (Filter)	15	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	14	1.0
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*2	*0.2
Carlton 70's	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

No wonder Carlton is
fastest growing of the top 25.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Carlton Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine.
Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

American industry can't work magic.

It can create new jobs only when it expands.

At least 1½ million new jobs must be created every year from now through 1980—just to provide employment for young people reaching working age, and others entering the job market.

What will it take to create jobs for them? And to maintain existing jobs? *Industrial expansion.* New and expanded facilities that, when business picks up, would mean more jobs, larger payrolls, and greater earnings—all of which would help produce bigger government revenues.

The steel industry's a good example. We foresee a demand, by 1983, that calls for something like 30 million net tons of added raw steel-making capacity. That's a lot of steel. And gearing up to produce that added tonnage would provide

work for a lot of people.

But getting there means the steel industry must spend \$5 billion a year at least through 1983—for modernization, for compulsory environmental equipment, and for growth.

What's the key to getting the money we need for expansion and improvement of our plants? Better earnings*—earnings that can be invested in our operations and that will encourage investors to provide us additional money.

But this alone is not enough because under present Federal tax laws the government would take too much of any additional dollars we can earn. What we need now is Federal tax reform to help lower barriers to capital formation.

*In 1975, Bethlehem's earnings after taxes were only 4.8% of revenues.



Bethlehem

How you can help gear up the American economy

The tax writing committees of the U.S. Congress are studying the subject of "Capital Formation." Here are four tax measures which we believe the Congress should enact to encourage industrial expansion and to create jobs:

- (1) five-year capital recovery system,
- (2) 12% permanent investment tax credit,
- (3) write-off of the

costs of pollution control facilities in the year they are incurred,

- (4) eliminate the double taxation of corporate profits paid out as dividends.

If you agree that revisions in present Federal tax laws are needed to provide the additional capital for more and better jobs, we ask you to tell that to your

Senators and Congressman.

For a free copy of the folder, "Project Mainspring—with your help it can wind up the American economy again," write: Public Affairs Dept., Room 476-T, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.

would certainly perceive that there is no more enthusiastic supporter of President Ford and his policies than I.

*Carla A. Hills, Secretary of
Housing and Urban Development
Washington, D.C.*

Soccer Is Spared

Re "Soccer Soars" [May 24]: In six years our Celtic Soccer Club has grown from one team of eleven boys to 51 of boys and girls.

Because soccer is still not a major sport in the U.S., it is spared the posturing of its professional heroes, the attacks on referees and umpires, the fighting, the outrageous salaries and all the show-biz trappings that have just about ruined every big sport in this country. The leaders of youth soccer can still insist on sportsmanship as an essential quality of the game, and not be made liars by the pros.

*Ann Marsland, Director
Palatine Celtic Soccer Club
Palatine, Ill.*

As anyone with soccer sense knows, the amateur soccer capital of the U.S. is St. Louis, where kids went bonkers over soccer long before kids on the East and West coasts knew what that checkered leather ball or Pelé was.

*Bill Stevens
St. Louis*

Babylift

Not all of the children who arrived on the babylift [May 24] were given up by their mothers at the last minute. There were children who were abandoned long before, were already assigned to adoptive parents and were awaiting passports to leave.

The children rotting in the An Loc orphanage and similar institutions needed not only loving parents but food and extensive medical attention that they never received before leaving Viet Nam.

The children who should never have been given up cannot overshadow those who now have a chance at life.

*Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Fritz
Middletown, Pa.*

Not only are many Vietnamese children wrongfully classified as orphans but a subtle form of thievery is also taking place: I see that one of the "foster parents" has decided to rename Ya Hinh and call him "Keith." What is wrong with Ya Hinh as a name? Shall we deny them their names and their culture as well as their country and their parents?

*Arthur Kurzweil
New York City*

I do not know any details of the situation involving Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, whose adoptive Vietnamese son Ben

failed to acknowledge the presence of his mother in court. However, I thought someone should point out to the Nelsons that it is most natural for a small child to turn away, avoid or ignore a parent after a separation. It is one of the few ways in which he can express the hurt and anger he feels over a separation he can not begin to understand.

*Mary Ritchie
Jamestown, N.Y.*

Made Funny

How long are we going to keep up this ridiculous thing about penis envy as a "substantial problem for girls" [May 24]? I remember the first time I ever saw a naked baby boy. I distinctly remember feeling sorry for him. I'd never noticed that some people were made funny like that before.

*Betty Harlan
North Benton, Ohio*

To think that after nine long years Dr. Galenson and Colleague Herman Roiphe should come up with the wrong answer. As any normal girl, 17 months to 70 years, will agree.

*Evelyn E. Elie
Lewiston, Me.*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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The same people who bring you fine paint bring you the fine tools you use to put it on.

That includes rollers, brushes, spray equipment. In fact, we make and sell more rollers and brushes than anybody else in North America.

Now it's not too surprising that Sherwin-Williams makes and sells paint brushes as well as paint.

But suppose we told you we make flavorings for all sorts of foods? Colorants for faded denims? Aromas for perfumes? We do. And we're also taking the heat off a lot of manufacturers with our energy-saving coatings.

Obviously, if there's anything we don't do, it's paint ourselves into a corner.

**SHERWIN
Williams**

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

Anti-Pessimism

An emerging theme in the election-year debate over U.S. foreign policy is that a "new pessimism" is eroding American strength and will. That idea is analyzed in the current issue of the quarterly *Foreign Policy* by two men who might well play important foreign policy roles if Jimmy Carter wins the Democratic nomination.

In one article, Managing Editor Richard Holbrooke notes that two strikingly different groups have converged to create a downbeat appraisal of the U.S.: the "guilt-ridden," Viet Nam-haunted American Left, and a number of "neo-conservatives" including Henry Kissinger, former U.N. Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan and ex-Defense Secretary James Schlesinger. It was an odd linkage for the members of this trio, who strongly disagree on some policies and would certainly deny being downbeat on America. At any rate, says Holbrooke, the U.S. is not in bad shape—it still leads the world in gross national product, food production and military strength. Warnings of America's imminent decline, he concludes, could become self-fulfilling prophecies.

Columbia Political Scientist (and Carter foreign policy adviser) Zbigniew

Brzezinski emphasized the same point in his article. Deploping a growing American xenophobia and introversion in the face of a world that no longer seems interested in emulating the U.S. system, Brzezinski notes that the nation's chief role has long been "to stimulate change." Yet "an inward-oriented America would gradually cease to perform that role." That would be unfortunate, says Brzezinski, since "America still provides to most people in the world the most attractive social condition (even if not the model), and that remains America's special strength."

A Long Way from Runnymede

Wayne Hays was unavoidably detained, but nearly a score of other Congressmen made the trip to London, and so, after suitable ceremonies, Magna Carta reached America's shores last week. Actually, the huge Capitol Hill contingent returned to Washington with a gold facsimile ten days before the document itself was flown over.

The original Magna Carta has disappeared, but the document that will be displayed in the Capitol Rotunda for the next year is the first of four copies signed by a reluctant King John at Runnymede in 1215, granting personal and political freedoms to England's rebellious barons. The charter is regarded as the foun-

dation stone for the common law.

Presenting the precious document to the U.S., Britain's Lord Chancellor, Lord Elwyn Jones, told an audience that jammed the Rotunda: "Peoples not familiar with our ways have thought it a trifle paradoxical for the British to be joining in the celebration of the Bicentenary of what was, after all, the loss of the American colonies. They overlook our traditions of compromise. We in fact now regard the events of two centuries ago as a victory for the English-speaking world."

See?

When Jimmy Carter addressed a labor audience in Cincinnati a couple of weeks ago, he made effective use of a familiar rhetorical device. "I see an America that has turned its back on scandals and shame," he said. "I see an America that does not spy on its own citizens." And so on.

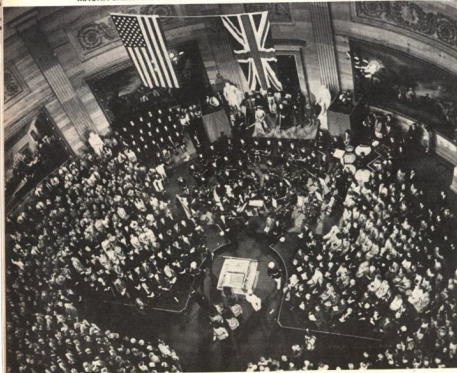
To many listeners, the device recalled Martin Luther King's 1963 Washington speech: "I have a dream . . ." Some, however, thought that Carter's "I sees" were equally reminiscent of a 1968 speech given by Richard Nixon: "I see a day when our nation is at peace . . ." And so on. As New York *Times*man William Safire confessed in his column last week, he wrote the Nixon speech and had borrowed the idea from a speech delivered by Franklin Roosevelt in 1940; F.D.R.'s speechwriter, in turn, confessed to Safire that he had borrowed it from an address given by Politician-Author Robert Ingersoll at the time of the American Centennial in 1876.

Stick around. Maybe somebody will unearth a manuscript by Thucydides quoting a 5th Century B.C. speech given by Alcibiades: "I see an Athens at peace with her neighbors . . . I see an Athens that has achieved détente with Sparta . . ." And so on.

Vive la Différence?

In a year when politicians are deeply suspect, what better way to woo voters than by pronouncing a plague on both our major parties? Samuel Ichiye Hayakawa, 69, famed semanticist and ex-president of San Francisco State College, did precisely that in his campaign for the U.S. Senate from California. A backslid Democrat who now calls himself a "Republican unpredictable," Hayakawa explained the difference between the two this way: "Republicans are people who, if you were drowning 50 ft. from shore, would throw you a 25-ft. rope and tell you to swim the other 25 ft. because it would be good for your character. Democrats would throw you a 100-ft. rope and then walk away looking for other good deeds to do."

MAGNA CARTA GOES ON DISPLAY DURING CEREMONIES IN ROTUNDA OF U.S. CAPITOL



THE CONGRESS

Sex Scandal Shakes Up Washington

On Capitol Hill, they were whispering that Washington's sex scandal had the makings of a congressional Watergate. It was hardly that important, but one could find some major similarities. There were incriminating secret tapes, this time recording the libidinous affairs of legislators. A mighty politician was certain to lose the power that he had wielded so arrogantly, and others were likely to cut short their careers. Additional Congressmen and Senators wondered anxiously whether they would be named in the expanding investigation. And again, there were worries of a possible cover-up, for potential witnesses knew that if they told all, they would risk losing their congressional jobs.

In a capital where sex is easily available, indiscretions are winked at and power is the ultimate aphrodisiac, the big question was whether a number of Congressmen had put pliant young women on their payrolls purely (or impurely) for personal pleasure. Mere hanky-panky would hardly be criminal, but disclosures of it would be poison at the polls. Worse, sex at taxpayers' expense can lead to charges of fraud.

Election Fears. These were the reverberations from the confession of Elizabeth Ray, 33, a comely if shopworn blonde, that she had been employed as a \$14,000-a-year congressional committee clerk by Wayne Hays, the Ohio Democrat, for the sole purpose of being one of his sexual playmates. Hays, 65, and apparently insatiable, admitted the relationship but protested unpersuasively that Ray had done other work too. Few of the many men who had encountered Liz during her four years on Capitol Hill knew of any talents beyond the bedroom. Congressional Democrats pressed for Hays to resign his committee chairmanships, and even the reputation of House Speaker Carl Albert was at stake. Orgies were reported to have taken place in a Capitol Hill office assigned to Albert.

At week's end the beleaguered Albert announced that he will quit at the end of his present term. "During my early years in the House, I decided I should not serve beyond my 70th year," said Albert, 68. "That is long enough."

Top Democrats were alarmed that the sex scandal might hurt their party's

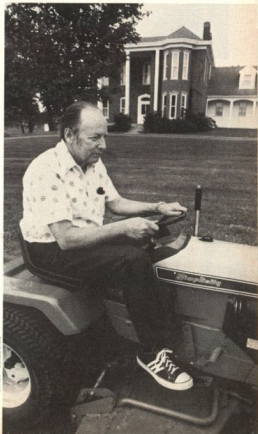


LIZ RAY, THE NORTH CAROLINA "CLERK" WHO HAS SET OFF A STORM ON CAPITOL HILL

congressional candidates in November. Liz had worked for three Congressmen since 1972, all Democrats: Hays, South Carolina's Mendel Davis and Illinois' Kenneth Gray (who retired in 1974). Moreover, Hays is one of the most powerful of Democrats, a man who has signed all the checks flowing to his party's candidates from his Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. Said one Republican congressional leader: "I'm not going to help them solve this."

Democrats were hoping that Ray had been sexually bipartisan. Though she did seem to favor the majority party, it was widely reported that one of the Senators with whom she was involved was a prominent Republican. But the *Chicago Tribune's* sensational report last week that she had tapes of her liaisons with 13 Congressmen and two Senators—recorded on a voice-activated machine secreted under her well-used bed—was incorrect.

She *did* have some tapes, though there was dispute over whether they were merely her own recollections, or included her partners' voices. Says a congressional source: "No doubt about it, she's been making tapes. She's been telephoning Senators and Congressmen and asking them, 'Honey, do you remember that night when ...?' Whatever they said went into her recorders. It's enough



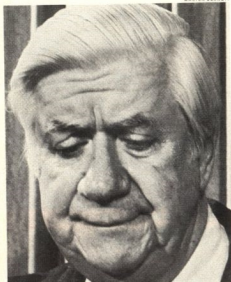
WAYNE HAYS AT HIS FARM IN FLUSHING, OHIO

THE NATION

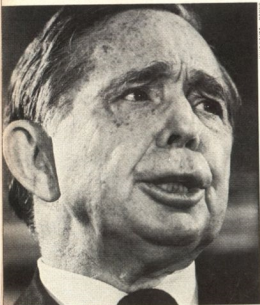
to give a public servant cardiac arrest." It was also enough to prompt a number of legislators to deny having ever had anything to do with Ray. "Nonsense, sheer and utter nonsense," said Hubert Humphrey to rumors linking him to her.

Ray was enjoying her long-sought celebrity. She had come a long way from Marshall, N.C., where her mother still lives in a rickety trailer. No longer was she merely the Southern girl who had lost the Miss Asheville contest, then got her nose bobbed and failed to make an acting career in Hollywood. Last week the whirl of TV cameras and the pop of flashbulbs echoed in her tacky apartment in Arlington, Va. She was not the second Marilyn Monroe that she had

WALTER BECKETT



MAJORITY LEADER TIP O'NEILL



HOUSE SPEAKER CARL ALBERT

yearned to become, but at least she was guided and comforted by her agent, her psychiatrist, her lawyer and her nurse.

Indignantly she turned down an offer of \$25,000 to bare all for *Hustler*, but before the headlines inflated her price, she had posed, full frontal, for the September *Playboy* (fee: \$250). She gave TV interviews with promiscuous delight, and under a federal grant of immunity from prosecution, she was singing like a mockingbird to the FBI, which was investigating Wayne Hays to see if there was any fraud against the Government.

She has plenty to tell. A former assistant to Hays recalls that when Liz Ray started working in the Congressman's office in the spring of 1974, she was a disaster: unable to type twelve words a minute, forgetting the names of callers, snapping at people. Soon she was eased out of formal duties—but not off the payroll. After that, her contacts with the office were mostly private phone calls to Hays; they were wild, frequent, and insulting to the staff. Typically, she would bark: "Let me talk to him!" The staff

UPI



DOOR TO THE "BOARD OF EDUCATION"

knew that the calls were to get the same priority as calls from Henry Kissinger.

Hidden Recorder. About the only time that Liz would show up at the office, according to the former assistant, would be for official receptions. In flashy tight clothes that played up her bosom, she flung herself toward photographers, urging Hays to get her pictured with Congressmen or celebrities. A former Hays staffer says she liked to pose "with lots of suggestion of mouth action." Once, Hays snapped at her: "For Christ's sake, you've been in enough pictures!"

Because Hays was carrying on with his Ohio-based secretary, Pat Peak, whom he visited weekly and finally married last April, many of his staffers did not figure that he was also dallying with Liz. They simply concluded that he was passing her round to his friends in Congress in return for political favors. Yet

Hays did not try to give the impression that he was celibate when in the capital. Most mornings, a former aide says, he would brag to his staff of his purported conquests of the night before.

Two years ago, a couple of reporters on Columnist Jack Anderson's staff encountered Liz while investigating the affairs of Hays and his close friend, Congressman Gray. Liz, then working for Gray, phoned one of the reporters, Bob Owens, to arrange a meeting in the National Gallery of Art. At that rendezvous, she carried a hidden tape recorder. On it she recorded Owens asking her to open up Gray's confidential files to him. Later, Anderson said he considered Owens' request to have been improper. But the tape also contains a soft pass from Liz to Owens. Said she: "You know, you're kind of cute. If you weren't a spy, I might go out with you."

In a draft of her forthcoming "novel" (see box next page), Ray tells a similar story. In her account, she sicced Anderson onto a Congressman because she was mad at him for exploiting her. Remorseful, she confessed to the Congressman. Instead of being enraged, he saw this as a way of trapping Anderson. He set Liz up with the recorder, got her to entice the newsmen into making compromising statements, then played them back to Anderson. At least in the draft of the book, Anderson called off his investigators. The real Anderson story played out differently: he wrote several items criticizing Gray.

Changing the Lock. In the swirl of last week's scandal, Wayne Hays was struggling to hold on to his chairmanships. Besides the Congressional Democratic Campaign Committee, he also heads the supremely important House Administration Committee. He has used that power to control pay raises for all congressional staff members and Congressmen's allowances for travel, telephone, postage and other items.

Speaker Carl Albert summoned Hays last Wednesday to discuss the chairman's future. "I will handle this," Albert had told party lieutenants. But Albert was in an awkward position. The Speaker himself had often been seen accompanying young women around town. Moreover, his home district back in Oklahoma was in an uproar over Time's story (June 7) about reports that Liz Ray and other women had participated in orgies in the "Board of Education," a Capitol hideaway assigned to Albert. Said Albert: "If that's true, I've never heard of it, and I don't believe it."

Late last week, in the midst of an interview with TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil, Albert summoned a top aide, asked who had keys to the room, and ordered the lock changed. As for his own activities, Albert said: "Me? I haven't been to bed with a girl this year. I'm 68 years old." The following day, Albert had a statement delivered to newsmen announcing his "irreversible" decision

to step down after 30 years in Congress and six as Speaker.

In the meeting between Hays and Albert, Hays said that he was working on a plan to resolve his problems until he could "vindicate" himself. He gave no details, but Albert went along. Said the Speaker: "As long as you're doing that, that's fine." Moreover, Albert said that he would advocate no action against Hays by the House Democratic caucus so as not to "prejudice" the case.

Albert's meek stand did not satisfy most Democratic Representatives. Indignant that the honor of Congress had been impugned, worried by waves of quizzical and critical mail pouring in from voters back home, they implored Majority Leader Thomas "Tip" O'Neill of Massachusetts to get Hays to resign his chairmanships. O'Neill is the No. 2 man to Albert and the odds-on choice to become the new Speaker next January now that Albert has decided to retire. An implacable enemy of Hays, O'Neill summoned the Congressman to his private office. There Hays tried to brazen it out: "I have nothing to hide. She [Ray] was an employee who did her work."

Hays offered a deal: he would temporarily leave the chairmanship of the House Administration Committee, but only if he would be succeeded by his

closely, Pennsylvania's John Dent. He would definitely not surrender the job to the committee's most senior member besides himself, New Jersey's Frank Thompson, who has long refused to be bullied by Hays. But O'Neill turned down the deal. Said he: "No way can I buy that. The House won't buy it. You have got to step aside."

He went on to warn Hays that unless he quit both major chairmanships—of the Administration and Democratic Congressional Campaign committees—he would be bounced out of them by an open vote of the party caucus. Hays' final words: "I'll think about it."

Next day, Hays made a statement at a press conference where no questions were allowed. He said that he would temporarily leave the campaign funding committee because he did not want "to have my name on a check which might be used as a campaign issue against any Democratic candidate." But he would delay until this week a decision on his greater power base, the House Administration Committee. If Hays refused to quit, the House Democratic caucus was prepared to vote on the matter on June 16.

At last week's end a weary but determined Tip O'Neill said: "This guy has got to be removed. He either goes on



his own or he goes by a vote. I'm trying to protect this House." Indeed, as the FBI investigation went on and Liz Ray kept on talking behind closed doors, nobody knew how many more Congressmen—and their women—might be drawn into the swirl.

Liz Ray's Little Black Book

Although it is a dreadful piece of soft porn—so repetitive in its acts that it makes sex boring—Elizabeth Ray's autobiographical novel, which Dell Publishing Co. is rushing out next month, is certain to cause a great guessing game in Washington. She contends that the events and personalities in the paperback are real, but for obvious legal reasons she has changed the names.* So who are they? The latest manuscript includes:

Senator Sincere: Identified as a legendary legislator with aspirations to higher office, Senator Sincere encounters Liz on Capitol Hill, later phones her at home and invites her to his Washington apartment when his wife is away. Of course, they immediately have some kinky sex. Liz knows that she has been used, but she is pleased that she was, in her view, scarcely a pillowcase away from the presidency.

Senator Player: A dashing young man who attracts Liz because of his famous family name and tanned, muscular body, he is a sort of Phase II Sincere. As soon as the wife and



*One name that is not changed: Della Smith Allen, her grandmother, to whose memory Ray dedicates her book.

kiddies are off on vacation, Player asks her up to his Georgetown house—and guess what happens. Their relationship lasts off and on for a year.

Congressman Elan Bright: A flamboyant fellow, he hires Liz at taxpayers' expense as a kind of sexy mascot, occasionally has her chaperon one of his girl friends shipped in from the home district. But her prime job is to take care of other important legislators—sometimes at orgies staged by him—so that he can win political favors from them.

Senator Otis Battle: An insatiable man, he puts Liz on his payroll purely to enjoy her sexually, also commands her to make love with others while he watches. But he never takes Liz along on his many tax-paid European junkets. Those choice trips are reserved for yet another mistress.

And these are only the major figures. There are countless lesser lights, all of whom Liz beds in the book: a Watergate lawyer and a top lobbyist, a defense contractor and some big-shot constituents. Though Liz suffers a minor disappointment at the end, when Battle goes off to marry a preferred mistress, she seems happy enough. She is promoted to Mistress No. 1, effective his wedding day, and in her final lines expresses her joy at being so close to the seat of power.

DEMOCRATS

Carter's Plan to Scoop It Up

As the long primary season moved into its final week, TIME Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian learned that Washington Senator Henry Jackson is ready to support Jimmy Carter for the Democratic nomination. Jackson had won 249 delegates in the primaries through last week, and Carter will capture a sizable chunk of them. The Senator's move will lift Carter closer to the winning figure of 1,505 delegates, and Jackson hopes by his action to help Carter sew up the nomination.

Jackson's decision is based on his judgment that Carter would make a stronger Democratic nominee and President than Senator Hubert Humphrey. Only a few months ago Jackson had hard feelings about Carter, but after several personal talks with the Georgian, his attitude has softened. In addition to accepting the inevitability of Carter's nomination, Jackson has come to respect his skills. At the same time, he remains bitter that Humphrey kept insinuating himself into the primaries.

Jackson's decision was bound to be well received in Carter's Atlanta headquarters, where his staff has been busily at work rounding up delegates. Throughout last week Ajemian sat in on strategy sessions there and observed a young, disciplined group casting its political lines across the country. His report:

"What's doing?" the man repeated his caller's question into the phone. "Your husband is going to be President, that's what's doing." It was well past midnight in the empty Jimmy Carter headquarters in Atlanta, and Hamilton Jordan, the campaign director, was talking to Rosalynn Carter, the candidate's wife. She was sitting alone in a motel room in Dayton, concerned about her husband's recent primary defeats. So was Jordan, who was dead tired but sounding cheerful.

Slumped down in his high-backed swivel chair, his brown boots propped on his typewriter, Jordan, 31, looked like a young man—with his pink face and shiny black hair—speaking to a late date. As he talked, his fingers riffled through a sheaf of unanswered telephone slips, and every so often he rolled one up and tossed it across the room at a nearby wastebasket.

"Jimmy's got an image problem, Rosalynn," Jordan said gently. "We used to be the new face. Now we're the old face, the Establishment. Jimmy's got to get off this tactical stuff, all this talk about how many delegates he's got. He sounds too political."

"But Rosalynn," Jordan went on, his voice now more reassuring, "these stop-Carter people have no place to go;

they've got no candidate. And no muscle, no big names, no Senators or Governors. Don't worry. We've got delegates all over the place; this thing is all set now. I'd say it's a hundred to one."

When he hung up, Jordan, in the night stillness of the office, began to reminisce about 1968. He had just returned from Viet Nam where he served as a civilian volunteer in refugee relocation. He came home to Albany, Ga., and took a job in a local bank. Within three months he was bored and began driving over to Plains, 40 miles away, to visit with Carter. A political science student at the University of Georgia, Jordan had worked as youth coordinator in Carter's losing 1966 gubernatorial campaign. The two of them started driving around the state: the toothy politician with huge ambitions and the eager 22-year-old helper who was more easygoing but had the competitive zeal of his mentor. They drove the Georgia roads to towns like Rome and Moultrie talking to voters. Jordan jotted down all the names and did the necessary follow-up work.

When Carter won the governorship in 1970, he made Jordan his executive secretary, but within two years the Carter sights were already higher. He asked Jordan to write him a memorandum on what it would involve to be-

come President. The young aide delivered this extraordinary document to Carter only a few days after the 1972 presidential election. It was 70 pages long and had chapter titles like "Establishing a National Image," "The Years in Between," "George Wallace," "Edward Kennedy." One of Jordan's suggestions was that Carter plant a man on the Democratic National Committee and, when the moment came two years later, Carter picked Jordan for the job. The chunky fellow who wore denim jackets and no neckties went to Washington for a year where he collected and stored political information for future use. Near the end of Carter's term in 1974 Jordan produced another memo. This time the new chapter titles assumed a big success: "The Announcement," "Relationship with Robert Strauss and the National Committee," "The Carter Presidency."

Now, as the final week of primaries began, with the four-year mission almost complete, resistance to Carter was suddenly becoming stiffer and more visible. Carter had lost five of the last nine primaries. But somehow his forces had to keep getting delegates. And the man at the center of the delegate roundup, as he had been at the center of other Carter struggles, was Jordan. The last three big primaries—California, Ohio, New Jersey—were upon them. The possibilities seemed clear. If Carter won any of the three, the stop-Carter movement almost surely would collapse. But if he lost all three, it could mean a tough fight to pressure pockets of delegates to join a candidacy that was drifting.

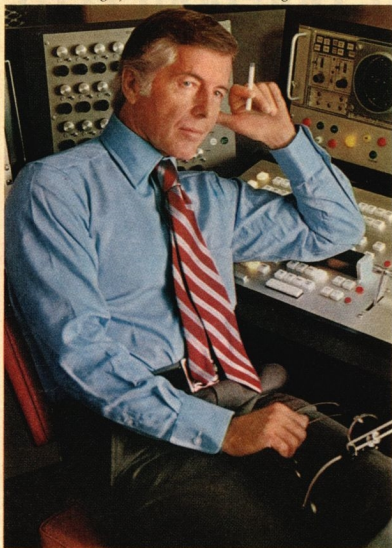
The day following his talk with Rosalynn Carter, Jordan called his staff together for a meeting. The group around the table looked awfully young, but they were tossing around big names: Mayor Abe Beame was aboard, one said, and that would help with the Jewish voters, and Chicago's Dick Daley was issuing compliments. Staffer Rick Hutchinson, who at 24 looks like one of the painters of Tom Sawyer's fence, spoke of Tennessee Governor Ray Blanton being the key to that state's uncommitted bloc and the chances he would deliver its nine del-

IN THE FINAL WEEK OF THE PRIMARIES, CARTER CAMPAIGN DIRECTOR HAMILTON JORDAN CONTINUES TO PURSUE DELEGATES



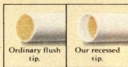
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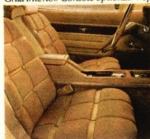


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FORD MUSTANG II

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egates. There was talk about Alaska's Mike Gravel endorsing, and the need to work on Hawaii Senator Dan Inouye. Perhaps Georgia Senator Herman Talmadge, a close friend of Inouye, would help there, one of the young men suggested. North Carolina Senator Bob Morgan was already working on the Wallace delegates in his state.

Then Jordan talked of the three big targets: Scoop Jackson's 249 delegates, Daley's 88, and George Wallace's 200. If Carter has 1,200 delegates or more after the last primaries, any of these three Democratic leaders could certainly help clinch the nomination for him. Predicted Jordan: "We'll find someone out there who wants to be a hero." Even before Scoop's decision, the Carter group believed the Jackson delegates might well wind up with them. Carter, at the same time, has been calling Daley every ten days or so. And it was expected that the Wallace bloc, once released, would stick with a Southerner.

Southern Power. The heart of the Carter strategy, of course, is the Southern delegates. Of the 3,008 who will convene, about 750 are from the South, and Carter already has 500 of them. They represent almost half his present total and have put him in the position to bargain for the rest he needs. But the true power of the South is revealed in still another Jordan memo to Carter, written only last week. It points out his probable strength in the electoral college: well over half the required 270 votes could come from the South. A new field survey Jordan has just ordered reinforces the conviction about Carter's overwhelming regional strength. In Tennessee, the poll shows Carter defeating Ford 60% to 32%, and Reagan 57% to 35%.

The strategy conference over, Jordan was back in his small cluttered office and his secretary, Caroline Wellons, had a whole new batch of calls for him. Staff people kept sticking their heads in the closed door. "Shall we send Daddy King to L.A.?" someone asked about the elderly minister who has been so active in Carter's campaign for the black vote. A few minutes later another person wondered whether it was O.K. for Cyrus Vance, former Secretary of the Army, to go to a New Jersey fund raiser. A bulletin from the field reported that Senator Abraham Ribicoff might be ready to endorse Carter, and Jordan, welcoming it with some relief, ordered that it should be sent to all the Jewish delegates.

On the phone, Jordan explained to some nervous field people why Carter seemed so snappish lately. "This thing about being fuzzy on the issues is really getting to him," he told one man, "and it shows." Someone popped in to say he had some information about Daley, and asked who on the staff was supposed to talk to the Chicago Mayor. Jordan said abruptly: "Jimmy talks to Daley, nobody else." The man quickly retreated.

The possibility of a last-minute Ted Kennedy move keeps coming up, though

Jordan appeared entirely unworried. At one point, Political Director Landon Butler came into Jordan's office with a grim look on his face, holding a copy of the afternoon Atlanta newspaper. With some agitation he reported: "Jimmy says here that Ted Kennedy can kiss his ass." Jordan grinned, but at the same time reached for the newspaper with a trace of concern. Then he looked up, laughing in relief. "Landon, you've got this backwards," he said. "Jimmy says he's not going to kiss Ted Kennedy's ass to get the nomination."

After a day's trip to Ohio to check in with the boss, Jordan lumbered back into the Atlanta office, throwing out gags, cutting up with the staff. But when he turned serious, so did they—instantly. Within minutes, he was back on the phone, calling one of his friends in Washington in the liberal labor coalition, which has been supportive of Carter. He had heard that one of their staff had attended a stop-Carter meeting, and Jordan wanted to show his annoyance. "Hey, good buddy," he opened with the familiar greeting, and then he made his point. "I assume you guys don't know about this man," he said, "but I just want you to know that I do."

The Jordan net was out everywhere. A call came from the top aide of a Governor who controls about 20 delegates. The aide was shopping for favors, and Jordan went along. "I don't know what your boss's ambitions are," he said, "but we need his help now, not later."

By late Friday night, the candidate himself was back in Plains, and on Saturday morning he called in to talk to Jordan. He told his campaign manager he had been over to Brother Bill's gas station eating some mullet. Yes, he would cut a day off his weekend, as Jordan and Rosalynn Carter had suggested, even though he did not want to. "I figured that was one fight you weren't going to win," Jordan needed the candidate.

To the Hilt. As Jordan was talking, one of Carter's longtime friends, a businessman named Philip Alston, broke into the room. He was distraught. "Doesn't this party realize," he said loudly, "that the whole South will be furious with the Democrats if they take this nomination away from Jimmy? The whole damn South." Jordan tried to calm Alston down, and when he left, Jordan remarked: "Phil is dead right about that one. If they try to take this away from Jimmy, we're ready to use the Southern argument to the hilt. We've got the votes, and if the South is rejected, it will tear up this party."

There was an edge in his voice. The young man who had written the prophetic memo for Carter, who was now writing another about the fall campaign and the transition to the White House, who had predicted that a massive regional change in American politics was at hand, abruptly looked different. He looked less the likable prodigy and more like a tough and seasoned political operator.



RONALD REAGAN IN CALIFORNIA

REPUBLICANS

"Reagan's Rhodesian Expeditionary Force"

To his *machismo*-minded hard core, Ronald Reagan's occasionally bellicose campaign utterances are simply long overdue flexings of America's muscle. But last week a remark that he would be willing to send U.S. troops to Rhodesia exploded like a tripped-over land mine. By week's end the candidate was in full retreat.

The gaffe came in response to a question during a Sacramento Press Club appearance. After a potshot at Henry Kissinger for siding with black Rhodesians against Ian Smith's minority white regime, Reagan suggested that the U.S. and Britain should instead serve as "mediators" in the dispute. "How would we do that?" he was asked. "With an occupation force, with military troops, with observers or what?" Replied Reagan: "This is one that I think you would have to be completely involved with the Rhodesian government to find out if that [a peace-keeping force] would be necessary." Then: "Whether it would be enough to have simply the show of strength, the promise that we would [supply troops], or whether you would have to go in with occupational forces or not, I don't know. But in the interest of peace and avoiding bloodshed, and to achieve democratic majority rule, I think it would be worth this—for us to do it." In short, if Smith asks, he gets U.S. troops.

"I'll bet there are going to be a lot of questions on that," Reagan told grinning aides hustling him off to the bunkers to await the fallout. He won his bet. Screamed a San Francisco *Chronicle*

THE NATION

headline: REAGAN WOULD SEND GI'S TO AVERT RHODESIA WAR. Hastily, the candidate began to backtrack: "I made the mistake of trying to answer hypothetical questions with hypothetical answers." When that did not float very high, Reagan began to pass off his suggestion as in keeping with current U.S. policy: "The same thing we've been doing in the Middle East." Then he became even further mired in his own rhetoric by criticizing U.S. failure to offer "our services" in Cyprus and Lebanon until it was too late. Would he have sent troops to Cyprus and Lebanon? Replied Reagan angrily: "I didn't say that."

Even Reagan conceded he had been placed in a "rather warlike position." No one thought that the incident would cost him his expected victory in this week's California primary. But between now and the Republican Convention as Reagan and President Ford intensify their courtship of uncommitted delegates, Reagan's performance may indeed prove costly. What is already being snidely referred to as "Reagan's Rhodesian Expeditionary Force" is the sort of blunder that is not likely to persuade delegates that Reagan is a candidate who can succeed next November.

NEW YORK

Scramble for Solvency

*Once I wrote the budget, gee what fun
Playin' with my magic wand.
I could fudge the budget, now that's
done—
Brother, won't you buy a bond?*

The tune was the Depression lament *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*, but the lyrics—sung by a character playing Mayor Abraham Beame in this year's Inner Circle satire by political reporters—are all too relevant today. Beame still cannot sell New York City bonds, and the state's Municipal Assistance Corporation securities marketed on the city's behalf recently suffered a ratings drop by Moody's Investors Service. Last week the city's unrelenting financial crisis gave New Yorkers yet another painful jolt. With the entire City University of New York system temporarily closed for want of funds, the Board of Higher Education reluctantly voted to impose undergraduate tuition fees for the first time in CUNY's 129-year history.

CUNY occupies a special place in the

city's heart and history. It has been an upward mobility machine for millions. Alumni include George Goethals, Bernard Baruch, Felix Frankfurter, Sylvia Porter and Abe Beame. The decision to charge for tuition at roughly the same rate as the state university will still allow many children of poor families to attend because aid for the needy is available. But admission will no longer be automatic, even for bright students.*

Exam at Sea. Yet the dramatic break with tradition did not solve the immediate problem of reopening the university to its 270,000 students. One dedicated physics professor administered his final examination on board the Staten Island ferry at night last week. The vast majority of students were in limbo while officials work out an agreement for emergency funding.

Last late week Beame was able to defer an imminent strike of hospital

*Open enrollment, the controversial and expensive policy that did away with academic admission requirements, is also being dropped.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

The Dangers of Content

In these late spring days of 1976, a lot of Americans do not have all that much use for a President, which is a tribute of sorts to our system but a cause of increasing concern to the people who care about the quality of leadership.

From the air over Illinois one can see the giant cultivators, drawn behind tractors, gently stirring the earth between the rows of new corn. It is a consuming drama between a farmer and his land. Building more than 50,000 cars last week, is a noisy creation that tends to squeeze out idle thoughts of the political campaign. And with wages at \$6.57 an hour, the workers are enticed into weekend recreation rather than Jerry Ford rallies. Last week the National Park Service estimated that there were 9 million campers and sightseers in their domain, a 25% increase over last year. For some 936,000 college students who will get their bachelor's degrees by the end of June, graduation ceremonies, held against the backdrop of a tranquil nation, suggested more hope (and challenge) than at any time in several years.

In short, the nation is running pretty well by itself right now. There is no major crisis at home or abroad. And for that reason it is hard to get a firm fix on the men and the issues in the presidential campaign. Trouble etches leaders, destroys the weak, brings out hidden strengths in others, nurtures daring and innovative contenders. Contentment (or anyway, relative contentment) tends to encourage phony issues and colorless candidates.

The danger in our present success lies down the road—when oil once again runs scarce, or the Social Security sys-

tem must pay its way, or there is the threat of war. Then we may wish we had got a clearer view of the would-be Presidents. But now, with only muted adversaries in the Communist world, quiet ghettos and more food than we can eat, the call for that proverbial man on horseback lacks conviction and urgency. If a single one of the men who want to be President has dimensions of greatness, he has hardly been able to demonstrate them in the dubious debate about the strategic importance of the Panama Canal, or whether Henry Kissinger should stay or go, or just how big Big Government is or should be. A war like Viet Nam, 10% unemployment, Dust Bowls and soup lines make it easier to assess a potential President. It is hard for our politicians to live with success.

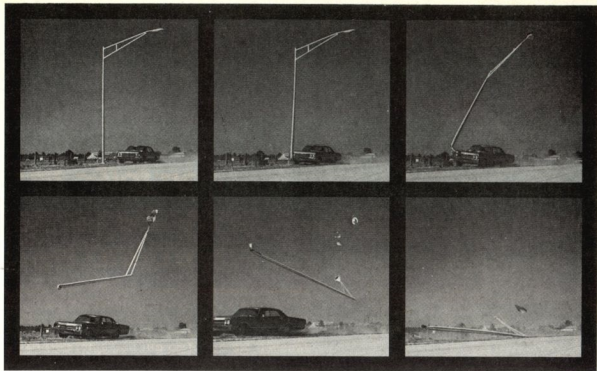
It may be one of the faults of our system. We have rarely turned from our pursuit of happiness until we were in a crisis. In other years we had time to recover. Events come faster now. The luxury of indifference to the future is greatly diminished. Our spring of contentment could vanish by summer.

The last time we had almost two years of such unique affluent national and world equilibrium may have been as far back as the 1920s, when we were calling it "normalcy." It is curious that in that era of exuberant strength we produced Presidents Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, all men dealt low marks by historians. Writer H.L. Mencken described Harding as "the archetype of the Homo boobus." Lawyer Clarence Darrow proclaimed Coolidge "the greatest man who ever came out of Plymouth Corner, Vermont." And Herbert Hoover's boiled collar was the delight of cartoonists from coast to coast. Everybody chuckled until the collapse of 1929, and then they wondered what had happened.

These are not the 1920s, and politics is not the same. And yet there is a nagging feeling that once again our very success as a nation may have reduced our political vitality.



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sportscar by the crowd
it runs around with.***

Daytona Speedway, January 30, 1976. Scene of one of the world's most grueling automobile races. The entrants read like a who's who of auto racing. BMW, Alfa, Datsun, Mazda, just to name a few. Scirocco finished 5th out of 65 but that's not surprising. Scirocco's an unbeatable combination of German engineering and Italian styling. It has an overhead cam 1.6-liter engine that gets you from 0 to 50 in 7.5 seconds, front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, steel-belted radial tires, and a unique rear independent suspension for stability. Blended together with the sleek wedge Italian styling of master automobile designer Giugiaro, Scirocco's creating quite a stir on and off the racetrack. So if you're in the market for a true sportscar (or a hi-performance everyday car), see your Volkswagen dealer. He's got both.



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THE NATION

workers by delaying the firing of still more employees. Victor Gotbaum, local head of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, has vowed to lead an illegal stoppage from jail, if necessary, to prevent an additional 3,150 layoffs (5,900 already had been let go). If Beame yields to such pressure, he will have to scramble to save dollars elsewhere. Tense bargaining with other major unions this month could produce new conflicts.

Serious Flaws. Though City Hall can no longer fudge the budget—state and federal auditors now scrutinize fiscal affairs in minute detail—there are serious new doubts about Beame's ability to make all the economies necessary to restore stability. Last week Stephen Berger, executive director of the state's Emergency Financial Control Board, said that Beame must still overcome "serious flaws" in the budget that takes effect July 1.

Beame and his aides defend their figures and pledge alternative trims if necessary. But if the skeptics are correct, the city could face a new default threat next winter and an end to the federal loans that have kept the city solvent since January.

The city has been unable to break free of crisis despite some dramatic reforms and painful austerity. Though slow to move when the problems became obvious 18 months ago, Beame was finally compelled to take strong measures as the price of state and federal cooperation. Since last summer, taxes and the transit fare have gone up, while the city work force of more than 300,000 was reduced by 46,525. Ranking subordinates out of step with the new music were replaced with tougher administrators.

Yet the comprehensive recovery plan finally agreed to last year refused to jell. The key to that program was a phased reduction in the city's operating deficit to restore a truly balanced operational budget by June 30, 1978. Originally pegged at \$724 million, the cumulative deficit grew to more than \$1 billion as one budget assumption after another dissolved.

Quasi-independent agencies, such as the Health and Hospitals Corporation and the Board of Higher Education, were even slower than other departments to make firm economy plans. Finally, Beame's new budget director, Donald Kummerfeldt, acting the stern parent, put them on a strict monthly allowance. Already overspent, CUNY was unable to meet its payroll May 28, and the university closing followed.

Implicit in the original financial plan was the expectation that the city would benefit from the U.S. economic recovery. Instead, New York, like some other old cities of the Northeast, has lagged significantly. Energy prices and other business costs are high in the region, and so are taxes. New York's recession started long before the nation's,



STUDENTS PROTESTING CLOSING OF JOHN JAY BRANCH OF CITY UNIVERSITY

"We have proved here that Keynesian economics works."

and its continuation has forced welfare costs up and tax yields down.

Government's normal response to this kind of problem would be pump priming. New York has been compelled to do the opposite. Says Felix Rohatyn, who heads the Municipal Assistance Corp.: "We have proved here that Keynesian economics works. In a recession we have increased taxes, cut employment and practiced deflation in the most brutal way." While the national gross jobless rate fell from 8.8% to 7.4% between January and April and continues to go down, New York City's went from 11.4% to 10.7%.

The implication is both clear and frightening. Though the city must continue to cut costs, additional mass layoffs will depress the economy further. More reductions in basic services will speed the heavy exodus of private business, compounding the problem.

Giant Step. Ideally, further savings should be made by increasing the city work force's efficiency and cutting frills. Last week Raymond Horton, staff director of Beame's Temporary Commission on City Finances, produced a major study showing City Hall how to take a giant step in that direction. Horton demonstrated just how expensive fringe, leave and pension benefits for city employees have become. For every \$100 in base pay, it now costs an average of \$66 more in extras such as pensions, sabbaticals and contributions to union welfare funds. In some departments, the add-ons exceed salary. Average pay for a fireman, for instance, is \$17,458, while his total package comes to \$35,288.

Horton proposes reductions in a number of categories that would save \$97 million in next year's expense budget of \$12.5 billion. He also urges that leaves and vacations be scaled down, while the basic work week is increased from 35 hours to 37½ hours; the effect

of these changes would be to increase the work force by the equivalent of 9,000 employees.

Union leaders, including Gotbaum, dispute Horton's figures and argue that civil servants, by accepting a pay freeze last year, agreeing to work-rules changes and allowing pension funds to be used to buy city securities, have already done more than their share. Nonetheless, in the new round of bargaining now beginning, the city will be following Horton's advice at least part way by seeking \$24 million in efficiency savings. Says Kummerfeldt: "We are putting demands on the table that are very stiff."

Beame is naturally reluctant to drive the unions into a corner that will force still more labor turmoil. Strikes next month would be a particular embarrassment because the Democratic National Convention takes place in Manhattan during the week of July 12. There are also purely local political considerations. Though he has been regarded as a lame duck, Beame has regained his confidence and is now considering running for a second term next year. To do so he will need labor support.

What Beame seems to be banking on is an eventual extension of the 1978 deadline for achieving a balanced budget, along with other policy changes in Washington. The biggest federal assist would be a reform of the welfare system that would shift the municipality's share of costs to Washington. Before endorsing Jimmy Carter last month, Beame elicited a promise that Carter would work for just such a change.

City Hall will probably look to Washington no matter what happens in November. Beame still seems to be a gambler betting on an unseen card. He appears to be following the dubious premise that it will be easier to bargain with the President of the U.S. than the presidents of the city unions.



CADETS CONGRATULATE HONOR COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN ANDERSEN (IN CAP) AT GRADUATION

ARMED FORCES

Upstaging the Goat

Traditionally, the loudest cheer of West Point's graduation ceremonies goes to the "goat," the cadet who finishes at the bottom of his class. As No. 835 in a class of 835, Goat Jesse Owens won a creditable round of applause at Michie Stadium last week. But the biggest hand—an extravagant two-minute ovation—went to No. 757 in the class: William Andersen, chairman of the cadet-run Honor Committee that enforces the Military Academy's honor code. Said Brigadier General Walter F. Ulmer Jr., commandant of cadets: "There was a message there for somebody."

Andersen was a zealous upholder of the code (which states that "a cadet will not lie, cheat or steal, or tolerate anyone who does" and which demands expulsion as the sole penalty). With West Point in the midst of the worst cheating scandal in its 174 years, the seniors who won their second lieutenants' bars last week were endorsing a strict construction of the code.

The second classmen (juniors) were considerably cooler. In a class of 875, four had already resigned after being charged with cheating on an electrical-engineering exam in March; 48 had been found guilty by honor committees and were appealing (of these, two have now been found guilty and one acquitted); 82 more were charged with cheating last week by panels of officers and cadets.

In the midst of the inquiries, Second Classman Timothy Ringgold brought suit in the U.S. District Court in Manhattan to halt them. It was Ringgold who remarked, during a meeting with Army Under Secretary Norman Augustine after the engineering-exam scandal had surfaced, that cheating was "widespread" at the Point. He is now under investigation for having "tolerated" misconduct by fellow cadets.

Federal Judge Richard Owen refused to halt the hearings. He agreed to

consider convening a three-judge panel to rule on the code's constitutionality, but he left little doubt about his own view. "It does seem to me," said he, "that the U.S. Military Academy is entitled to have its cadets not lie, steal or cheat."

Army Secretary Martin Hoffmann, who spoke at commencement, gave the code a more ringing vote of confidence, then promptly qualified it. He described the code as a "timeless" statement of principles. But, he said after the ceremonies, "if conditions warrant, we'll make changes."

PERSONALITIES

"Martha Was Right"

Sleekly coiffed, teased and sprayed, she glittered in the drab Nixonian setting, where to glow was considered a no-no. She had an unbridled tongue and an addiction to nocturnal phone calls that converted her into a national celebrity. When she died last week, abandoned and alone, Martha Mitchell strangely seemed more of a figure from the distant past than one on whom the spotlights shone a scant two years ago.

Up from Pine Bluff, Ark., blonde, dimpled Martha made the scene first in New York. Her first marriage failed but her second, to Manhattan Bond Attorney John Mitchell, was a good one. Mitchell's \$250,000 annual income provided a luxurious suburban home and still left enough to pay the hairdresser. When Daughter Marty was ready, she went to the best schools.

But the 1969 move to Washington proved fateful. In the toned-down Nixon years, wives of high officials were expected to observe the proprieties and, except for Martha, they did. Being the wife of the Attorney General did not prohibit her, she believed, from expressing opinions of her own, even though they often resulted in embarrassing headlines. Anti-Viet Nam War demonstrators were "very liberal Communists"

THE NATION

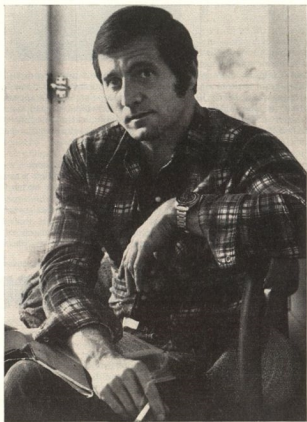
in Martha's lexicon. In a series of late-night phone calls, she demanded that the *Arkansas Gazette* "crucify" then Senator J. William Fulbright for his opposition to a Nixon Supreme Court Nominee, G. Harrold Carswell.

As long as she remained ardently pro-Nixon, Martha's peccadilloes were tolerated. But after the 1972 Watergate break-in, Martha gave evidence of an intuitive common sense that her wackiness had masked. When she called a reporter to describe politics as "dirty business" and to announce that she had told Mitchell to choose between their marriage and continued service to Nixon, a campaign security agent assigned to look after her ripped out the phone, had her sedated, and confined her to a hotel room. Mitchell soon after resigned as Nixon's campaign manager and moved with Martha to a 14-room Manhattan apartment. But she was not pacified for long. She publicly accused "Mr. President" of deep involvement in Watergate, condemned him for letting Mitchell and others take the blame, and demanded that he resign. By then her impulsiveness and heavy drinking were so celebrated that few took her often slurred words seriously.

As Watergate unraveled, Martha's world fell apart. Mitchell left her, and after being sentenced to up to eight years for Watergate crimes, qualified for an award in ungalantry by remarking that it could have been worse: "They could have sentenced me to spend the rest of my life with Martha Mitchell." A court awarded custody of Marty to Mitchell and ordered him to pay Martha \$1,000 a week. But the disbarred Mitchell fell \$36,000 behind. Only two weeks ago, a judge ordered him to pay up after Martha's attorney described her as desperately ill from bone-marrow cancer and "without funds and without friends." It was in such circumstances that the once flamboyant Martha died a few days later at 57. At her funeral in Pine Bluff, a floral offering bore the words "Martha was right," and of course she was. She had paid a high price for being so.



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ITALY/COVER STORY

DON ENRICO BIDS FOR POWER

"The question is not whether the Communists should come to power, but whether the domination of the Christian Democrats and their suffocating power system, which has wrought so much damage and brought Italy to such disorder and poor government, is any longer tolerable."

—Enrico Berlinguer at a rally in Cosenza

"This is the most important test we Christian Democrats have faced since 1948. The basic question is whether the country will be led by us or by the Communists."

—Aldo Moro, campaigning at Cosenza di Puglia

Up and down Italy last week, from the earthquake-shattered Alpine foothills of Friuli in the north to the fields

of Calabria and Puglia in the south, already burning under the summer sun, an estimated 41 million voters were involved in a national election that may be the most crucial in the country's history. It was not only the Italians who were deeply concerned about the outcome. In the capitals of Western Europe, in Washington and Moscow, politicians and diplomats were anxiously waiting to learn what the voters will decide when they line up at the polls on June 20 and 21. Reason: the central and overriding issue of the campaign—crucial not just for Italy but for all of Western Europe—is whether or not the huge, superbly organized Communist Party, led by Enrico Berlinguer, will finally come to a share in power after nearly 30 years in opposition. In the wake of World War II, Italy's Communists—then led by the late Palmiro Togliatti—were turned back. But now once again a Red threat looms over Italy, although it is a very different Communist Party that is bidding to enter the government. Just how different is the big question.

The competing parties were doing their best to make the voters aware of the election's importance. Almost every inch of available wall space last week had been plastered with posters pro-



claiming the slogans and accomplishments of rival candidates, accompanied by a blitz of campaign ads and appeals. In all, the parties will have spent an estimated \$20 million by the time the voters finally decide an election that no one wanted in the first place.

President Giovanni Leone was forced to call the election a year ahead of schedule—the statutory term for a Parliament is five years—since the country's imperfect governmental system had once again worked imperfectly. The latest patchwork Christian Democratic government,



FRIENDLY ENEMIES: DIALOGUE

Punchy, silver-haired Antonio Perelli is a lawyer and an organizer for the Christian Democratic Party in Cosenza, a sun-drenched river town of 120,000 in the southern Italian region of Calabria. Brisk, wiry Fausto Gelsomino, a printer by trade, is an official of Cosenza's Communist Party. Friendly enemies, the two men have known each other for years, and last week they were among the 30,000 people who gathered at the Piazza Fera for a Communist campaign rally at which the featured speaker was Party Boss Enrico Berlinguer. Shortly afterward, Perelli and Gelsomino met at the intersection of Corso Mazzini and Via Manzoni. There they discussed the rally in a dialogue recorded by TIME's Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante.

"Well, what did you think of Comrade Berlinguer's speech?" Gelsomino asked, his eyes still shining from the excitement of the event. "Fantastic, eh?"

"I didn't think it was so fantastic," Perelli answered dryly. "Disappointing. I'd say. How can a man of his obvious cultivation make a speech that's so obviously a campaign speech? First he screams that the Christian Democrats are nothing but a band of corrupt thieves—you heard him, didn't you?—and then he says he wants to join forces with us and form a government of unity. Even my son, who is 16 and has some leftist ideas, unfortunately, was disappointed. He thought it was all compromise and contradiction. Now he prefers the far-left Proletarian Democratic Party, or



ITALIAN COMMUNISTS CHEERING THEIR LEADER AT MASS RALLY IN THE CITY OF VERONA

headed by Premier Aldo Moro, finally collapsed last month after the Socialist Party withdrew its necessary support. Leone had no choice but to let the voters make a fresh choice, under a parliamentary system that in 30 years has produced nearly 40 revolving-door governments.

In most of the previous postwar elections it could be safely assumed that the Christian Democrats would gain the largest individual share of the vote, with the Communists coming in a distant but looming second. No longer. In regional elections last June, the Communists gained 33% of the vote—only two points

less than the Christian Democrats. Either alone or in coalition with other leftist groups, they gained control of such strategic cities as Turin, Florence and Naples; there and elsewhere they have on the whole provided effective and honest local government.

Although regional elections are not comparable to national ones and the Christian Democrats usually do better in national votes, the Communists hope to improve on the 33% they won last year. This is far from certain. The latest poll published by Rome's pro-Socialist daily *La Repubblica*

ca showed Christian Democrats gaining by a percentage point, to put them three points beyond the Communists. Berlinguer, in a perhaps deliberately gloomy assessment last week, agreed with the trend.

Still, the prospects were never better for the so-called "historic compromise," a power-sharing between Communists, Catholics and Socialists that Party Secretary Berlinguer proposed in 1973. Although nine parties in all are fighting for parliamentary seats—they range from the neo-Fascist Movimento

OF THE DEAF

even the Christian Democrats. At least they are coherent, he says."

"Coherent!" snorted Gelsomino. "I suppose you saw what your man Fanfani said the other day at Grosseto: that the Christian Democrats may have been mistaken in not denying the Communists their freedom and not trying to outlaw the party. He's gone crazy."

Perelli shrugged. "Well, perhaps Fanfani does exaggerate a bit, and that sort of thing can be counterproductive. But the point is, who forced us to dust off Fanfani and made us go back to such conservative positions? You guys did. We wanted to avoid an early election."

"We wanted to avoid an early election too," Gelsomino protested.

"Yes, it was you," Perelli insisted.

"You let yourself get passed over by the Socialists. And so now what do you expect? We've got to defend ourselves. Suppose you are crossing the street and you get jumped. You're going to fall back on whoever's going to help you, aren't you? That's why Fanfani and Moro had to put on their armor. Of course, you fellows also have to defend yourselves, don't you? What about the *Gruppuscoli* [fringe groups] of the Proletarian Democrats? Aren't they stealing some of your votes on the left?"

"Well, a few among the young voters," admitted Gelsomino, a bit annoyed at his friend's needling. "You should know that youths are impatient. Some of them complain that our line is only reformist. But as Lenin said, 'Extreme militancy is an infantile quality.' Of course, you have your problems too. The bishops' declaration ordering people to toe

the line is going to hurt you more than it will help you."

"Nonsense!" shouted Perelli. "I say there's going to be a strong recovery of the Christian Democrats in Calabria and in the country."

"And I say there's going to be a strong advance of the Communist Party," retorted Gelsomino.

As the two men started to leave, the Communist could not resist one last parting shot. "I suppose I should wish you a nice, fat, total defeat—except that it probably won't be an absolute defeat. You Christian Democrats still know how to grab votes with kilos of pasta and thousand-lira notes, don't you? Heh, heh."

"Heh, heh," answered Perelli. It was not exactly a laugh.

With that, they parted somewhat less amicably than they had met.

THE WORLD

Sociale Italiano on the far right to the new and strident Proletarian Democrats on the extreme left—the five-week election campaign at its midpoint has narrowed down to a two-party race.

The Christian Democrats, led by Aldo Moro, 59, the perennially worried-looking five-time Premier, have the dubious advantage of incumbency. Alone or in coalitions, the Partito Democrazia Cristiana has dominated Italian politics since the end of World War II—to the point that some weary party leaders complain of being “doomed to govern.” In the past, the D.C. has often won national elections because middle-class Italian voters who marked the hammer-and-sickle Communist emblem on ballots in local elections as a protest were too afraid to let the Communists come to power when it really mattered.

This time, however, the D.C. is be-

lieved to represent a revolutionary threat to bourgeois voters. The basic election issue is whether the voters will accept this new respectable image. Ironically, the once ideologically passionate Communists are campaigning in the name of efficiency and good government, while the Christian Democrats (at least to some extent the party of the efficient capitalists) are campaigning on ideology and faith.

Visiting Moscow last winter for the 25th congress of the Soviet Communist party, Berlinguer took the podium to deliver an independence speech that left his stony-faced Russian hosts sitting on their hands. He demanded “a road to socialism that corresponds to the peculiar characteristics of the historical, civil and political development of our country.” In public speeches and private interviews (see box), Berlinguer

They remember Lenin's cynical observation about capitalists who are (or were) so naive that they would eagerly sell the rope with which they would be hung. But even some of those who accept Communist sincerity also recall the Prague Spring, and wonder how long a Communist Party in power in Italy could survive if Moscow disagreed with its programs.

Some foreign observers have argued that a liberal “Eurocommunism” is a major threat to Soviet hegemony and that it would actually be a defeat for the Kremlin if Berlinguer won; it would prove, according to this theory, that the only way a Communist Party could attain power in a democracy is by adhering to Western political ideals. That might well be the case, but it remains unknown what kind of pressure the Soviet Union might still be able to exert on its wayward ally, and also what kind of pressure Berlinguer might have to face from his hard-lining Moscow-oriented comrades within the party. Campaign promises, as Italian voters have reason to know, are not written in stone.

Byond that, there is the problem that the Communists themselves may not know how to cope with the conflicting priorities and decisions they presumably would face, even if they entered some form of “unity government” holding at the outset, at least, only minor Cabinet portfolios. They have been evasive on foreign policy in general. The other members of the EEC and the Atlantic Alliance have potential threats and political weapons held over Italy's head; other Communist parties in Europe—both East and West—have weapons of their own that they might use against Berlinguer. The conflict might thus lead Italy into a kind of neutralism that would be neutralism as well.

Many people in Western Europe—and the U.S.—have strong doubts about how long the party's independence from Moscow will last. They also fear that a triumph for the Communists in Italy would indeed have an impact on other countries—most notably France, where the party headed by Georges Marchais shares a *Programme Commun* with François Mitterrand's Socialists. Together, the two leftist parties gained more than 49% of the vote in the 1974 presidential elections. Others, however, believe that an Italian Communist success would only produce right-wing backlash in France.

Concern over an Italian-led Euro-Communist axis surged last week when Berlinguer interrupted his campaigning at home for a two-day visit to Paris which the Communist daily *L'Humanité* heralded as “historique!” As Marchais's guest, the Italian leader once more proved that he is a campaigner to be reckoned with: his 47-minute speech in barely accented French to a rally of 70,000 Gallic comrades was a *tour de*



BERLINGUER & FRENCH COMMUNIST PARTY BOSS MARCHAIS AT LAST WEEK'S PARIS RALLY
After a predictable tirade, a tour de force speech.

ing challenged as never before. The very success of the party in transforming Italy into a modern industrial country has raised expectations that it has not been able to fulfill, especially in the recent enduring recession. Moreover, D.C. governments have lately proved unable to solve a host of economic and social problems: rampant inflation, a sagging lira, mounting national debt, 7% unemployment, inadequate transportation, hospital care and public housing. The party has a tarnished record of providing bad government by aging politicians. The Partito Comunista Italiano has mounted its most serious challenge so far under Berlinguer, the most talked-about politician in Italy at the moment, and perhaps in all of Europe.

The scion of petty aristocrats on Sardinia whose roots go back to that island's Spanish past, Berlinguer, 54, has been Secretary of the P.C.I. since 1972. He has created a new image for the West's biggest Communist Party—that of hard-working, button-down Commu-

nists who in no way represent a revolutionary threat to bourgeois voters. The basic election issue is whether the voters will accept this new respectable image. Ironically, the once ideologically passionate Communists are campaigning in the name of efficiency and good government, while the Christian Democrats (at least to some extent the party of the efficient capitalists) are campaigning on ideology and faith.

More and more people—not only in Italy but throughout Western Europe—are convinced that the Communists are sincere in their democratic protestations. Others, though, continue to be suspicious of Berlinguer, despite their admiration for his personal qualities.

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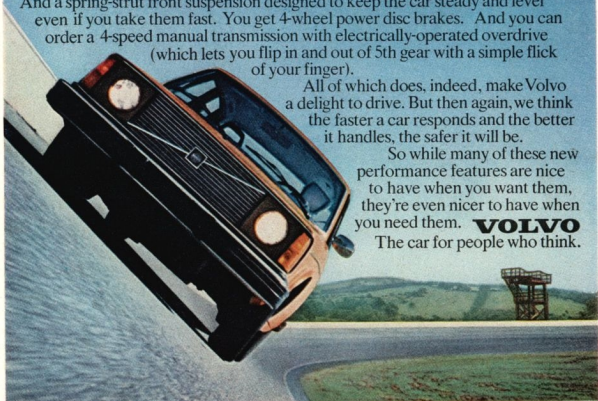
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So while many of these new performance features are nice to have when you want them, they're even nicer to have when you need them. **VOLVO**

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force. Marchais for an hour had delivered a predictable tirade damning such enemies of the right as French President Giscard d'Estaing and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Berlinguer's address was a well-constructed appeal for a "different socialism."

Such performances have turned Enrico Berlinguer into Italy's new political star (and according to one survey, also its most sexy, in the view of Italian women). Yet, like his party, the slight,

shy, introspective Berlinguer is riddled with typically European paradoxes. He is a thorough Marxist theoretician who has devoted his life to the party since he was a teen-ager. Yet this leader of the proletariat is customarily addressed by fellow Sardinians on vacation trips home as "Don Enrico" because of the family's prestige. As a Communist and atheist, Berlinguer ought to be a rigorous enemy of the powerful Italian Catholic Church. His wife Letizia is a prac-

ticing Catholic, and Berlinguer himself has consistently sought an understanding with the Vatican. Although he has fashioned the P.C.I. into Italy's most vibrant political party, Berlinguer himself is quiet and withdrawn. "He's a good comrade," a fellow party leader once quipped, "but not very comradely."

Abnormally reclusive in spite of his rapid rise to political prominence, Berlinguer seldom talks about himself. On the rare occasions when he does, it can

THE RIDE-IN VOTE

Caro Pippo,

I'm writing to let you know how I am, but also to tell you what is happening to our country. I'm going to vote Communist, convinced that it's in the best interests of poor workers like you and me. Your Communist vote is needed too. Many are convinced, as I am, that it is time to change... You must come home to see everyone and spend a few happy days, but above all to make the Christian Democrats pay for the many sufferings they have caused us.

Tuo,

Giuseppe

Whether Pippo works in a Luxembourg steel mill, digs coal in Belgian mines or mans a Volkswagen assembly line in West Germany, he may well receive identical letters from Vittorio, Gino, Maria-Teresa and all his other party friends back home. Last week local Communist Party offices were passing out "Dear Pippo" form letters to home-town comrades to send to their migrant-worker friends in other European countries—a switch on the 1948 campaign, when Italian Americans wrote to relatives in the old country urging them not to vote Communist.

For the 530,000 eligible voters among the 2.5 million Italians working in other EEC countries, casting a ballot in the June 20-21 election is no simple matter. Since Italy makes no provision for absentee balloting, the worker must travel home, forfeit up to seven days of pay or vacation, spend about \$80 on rail fare, and endure at least two days' riding each way on jam-packed trains that provide standing room only. Yet more than 300,000 Italian workers traveled home for the country's 1972 general elections, and the ride-in vote is expected to be even larger this year.

Between June 17 and 20, 65 special trains for returning workers within Italy to connect with international trains will be added on routes carrying migrant



ITALIAN WOMEN "GUEST WORKERS" AT CANNING FACTORY IN WEST GERMANY

labor from Brussels, Stuttgart, Munich and other major centers. In addition, 192 special trains will be provided for Italian residents living elsewhere. Although voters must pay the cost of transport to the Italian border, government subsidies will allow them to travel free inside Italy and even get free tickets for ferries from the mainland to Sardinia, Sicily and other islands.

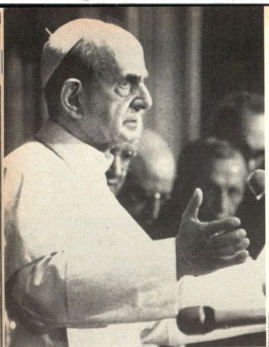
While all the Italian parties are interested in luring the migrant vote, the Communists, who received an estimated half of it in 1972, have launched the most effective campaign. Besides the Dear Pippo appeal, nearly every Italian working in the EEC has received a message from Berlinguer and a letter from the party office in his home town. Urged the Communist boss: "The vote you cast can contribute to saving Italy."

In the recreational rooms provided by the Communists for Italian workers in northern Europe, special campaign tape cassettes are played over the public address systems and party officials from Rome are addressing workers' groups in Stuttgart, Ulm, Luxembourg and Liège. Working through local trade unions, the P.C.I. has also tried to get foreign employers to give their

Italian employees time off to vote.

The Christian Democrats lack the Communists' experience at getting the vote on the road, and their counterefforts seem haphazard and piecemeal at best. They dallied a month before devising a program and last week, while the Communists were organizing bus caravans, the Christian Democrats had still not decided whether to help subsidize costs of transport to Italy. Without strong influence in the trade unions outside Italy, their primary means of reaching the workers is through the less embracing network of regional associations for emigrants, such as the Friends of Friuli or Workers from Sicily.

The Christian Democrats are, however, receiving some aid from private industry and foreign sympathizers. Fiat has reportedly chartered a plane to bring back some 250 employees from Brazil for the election. The Americans for a Democratic Italy Committee, headed by Lawyer Paul Rao Jr., has so far arranged for more than 560 people to campaign against the Communists. "This is a crusade of the heart, intellect and spirit," says Rao. Perhaps so, but as of last week, it appeared that the Communists were mustering by far the larger army.



POPE PAUL VI IN A MOMENT OF ANGER

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be illuminating. Once he admitted that "as a boy, I was always a rebel. I protested—to use a word that's in style now—over everything. Religion, the state, the clichés people used, and social customs. I had read Bakunin and believed myself an anarchist."

In Sassari (pop. 100,000), where Berlinguer grew up, one of his teachers recalls that "he was a very mediocre student, but he had a good mind." The young Enrico was a voracious reader who spent much time in his Uncle Ettore's library; it was there that, among other things, he discovered Karl Marx. His family also had a radical tradition: the Berlinguers, like many other Sardinian landowners, had been squeezed by industrialization and became ardent progressives as a result. Continuing the tradition, Enrico and Younger Brother Giovanni, now 51 and a Communist Deputy, haunted a Sassari café favored by old-line Communist and Socialist workers, playing an Italian version of poker called "Il Ramino" with them and arguing politics. Says one of the café habitués proudly: "If today he has lucid

ideas, it's because he spent hours talking to humble people like us. Political-ly, we made him."

During World War II the young Berlinguer became the secretary of Sassari's Young Communist League, was arrested for taking part in food riots and freed after a hundred days in jail. He soon moved to Rome to work in the party's headquarters there and became a protégé of Togliatti. By the age of 23, Berlinguer had won a seat on the party's central committee and been tabbed as a comar; after that, he gradually worked his way to the top until he succeeded Togliatti's successor, the aging and ill Luigi Longo, in 1972. Unlike Togliatti, who lived openly with a mistress, Berlinguer fits the classic Italian middle-class image of a good family man with three children whom he zealously guards from publicity.

One reason for Berlinguer's withdrawn and austere manner is that he is determined to avoid the growth of a personality cult around the man who could conceivably become Western Europe's

BERLINGUER: 'FOLLOWING OUR OWN PATH'

The headquarters of the Italian Communist Party are in a building on Rome's Via delle Botteghe Oscure (Street of the Dark Shops). There, in a book-lined office dominated by a portrait of the late Palmiro Togliatti, TIME Managing Editor Henry Grunwald and Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante recently met with Party Boss Enrico Berlinguer. Excerpts from the hour-long interview:

Q. In an earlier interview with TIME (June 30, 1975), you said that you were in no hurry to gain power in Italy. Do you still feel that way?

A. From our own point of view, and from the point of view of the party, that is still true. We haven't become more impatient. It's the events—unfortunate events—that are pushing ahead faster. I say unfortunate because we are not enthusiastic about entering the government at the present time, not only because we have no particular personal ambitions, but because it would mean going into the government in a very difficult moment for Italy, with a heavy inheritance from past governments. But there is no doubt that the situation requires a change in leadership.

Q. How can you cooperate with the Christian Democrats, especially if they are reluctant to change?

A. One of the conditions for such cooperation is an end to the suffocating predominance that the Christian Democratic Party has always exercised. The

Christian Democrats [must] change their vision of how to govern the country and renew themselves. The party is made up of varied forces. There are representatives of the privileged class, but there is also a broad range of working people and popular forces. If it is to change policy the D.C. has to lose votes to the left parties. Otherwise it will continue along the same road.

Q. What would you consider the ideal outcome of the elections?

A. A certain advance by the party, in order to make it clear and irrefutable that there is no way of doing without Communist participation in the leadership of the country. The political situation in Italy for the past 30 years has been characterized by a Christian Democracy that has been like a planet around which the minor parties have rotated like satellites. We would like to arrive at a political situation where there would no longer be a planet and satellites but rather a more equal relationship among all the parties.

Q. How damaging is the charge that the Italian Communists have not really changed?

A. Experience shows that this charge has increasingly less effect. The people sense that a change has taken place, and that this change represents a mass phenomenon, which is reflected in the millions of votes received by the party.

Even if our leadership were not sincere—and this is not the case—it would be difficult to turn back. Suppose the leadership had non-democratic intentions: in that case, the first rebellion would come from our own ranks.

Q. Why do you still consider yourselves Communists rather than Social Democrats, say, especially since other Communist parties have not gone nearly so far in their evolution?

A. We believe that communisms, Communist parties and socialist societies can be different, within the framework of a common origin. Between Peking and Belgrade and Havana, for example, there are already great differences. As for our own experience—thanks above all to the unity policy we have always followed—the Italian Communist Party has been able to establish great strength in a country of considerable industrial and economic advancement and with a particular history and tradition. None of the present socialist countries have a democratic tradition, with the exception of Czechoslovakia.

Q. You have been compared with Alexander Dubček of Czechoslovakia. We all know that Communism with a human face was not permitted to exist there. Could it happen here?

A. In Italy, who could prevent us from following our own path? The frontiers are what they are.

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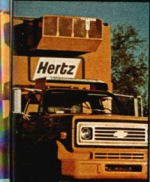


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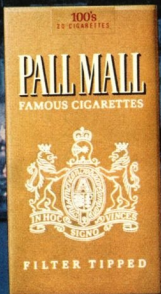


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first postwar Communist Premier. In fact, though, such a cult is growing as Berlinguer drives up and down Italy in a chauffeured Fiat, making major campaign appearances. Berlinguer himself is a shoo-in for the Chamber of Deputies; taking advantage of a curious election law, he is a candidate in three places: Rome, Venice and the mountain town of Avezzano in Abruzzi. Should he win all three, he would choose one—probably Rome—and pass on the remaining two to other Communists. Berlinguer, who becomes a magnetic orator on the campaign trail, is using his notoriety to flail Christian Democrats “who have enjoyed and enjoy enormous positions of power and have used it not to renew Italy, not to work for justice but to fleece Italy.” He can turn out crowds of 30,000 or more even in the heavily Christian Democratic south. Even some non-Communists are so moved by his charm and reasonableness that they rush to the podium to shake hands. For the good of the party, Berlinguer has conquered his distaste for applause and has even become an accomplished if reluctant flesh-presser.

Berlinguer is backed up by a smooth-running, well-financed political organization. Already, in the current campaign, the P.C.I. has grabbed the initiative. The Communists were first out with a platform and a list of candidates, including six well-known Catholic laymen (TIME, May 31), a play that stunned the Vatican. For voters who care, there is a 63-page pamphlet explaining Berlinguer's call for a multiparty government of “democratic unity.” The Communists have also produced leaflets and filmstrips on specialized subjects ranging from women's rights to the plight of Italian fishermen.

Particularly among younger voters, such efficiency and reasonableness appear to pay off. In the South Italian town of Ruvo last week, unemployed Salvatore Lobosco, 25, listened to campaign speakers and announced: “This is my first vote, and I'm going to vote Communist because there aren't any jobs.” In the nearby Pugliese town of Bitonto, Marialina Fiorello, 21, daughter of a long line of Christian Democrats, announced that she too intended to vote P.C.I. “to change the government and make the economy healthy again.”

Against such heavy artillery, the Christian Democrats have had a hard time getting the offensive. The D.C., as the campaign reaches its climax, is less concerned about defending its own record than it is in denouncing the Communists as a dangerous threat to Italian liberty, despite Berlinguer's persuasiveness. The Christian Democratic campaign is countering the single Communist leader with a triumvirate of leaders, led by the silver-haired Moro.

Moro was joined on the campaign trail by Party Secretary Benigno Zac-



BERLINGUER & WIFE LETIZIA (RIGHT) WITH THEIR CHILDREN IN BOLOGNA (1974)

A shy, introspective and sexy political star who is riddled with anomalies.

cagnini, 64, who last week was felled by a prostate attack in Bologna. In a party that had been plagued by ineptitude and corruption, Zaccagnini, despite his age, had been billed as a fresh face and a genuine “Mr. Clean”: his picture is on most D.C. campaign posters, along with the party's slogan: “The New D.C. has already begun.” Speaking in Bologna last week before his attack, Mr. Clean admitted that the Communists had gone through “a significant evolution during the past ten years.” But, he added, their party “is not mature enough to govern; its labored path to democracy still has a long way.” Without Zaccagnini, the Christian Democrats could find it difficult to hold younger, restless voters on the party's left.*

The third member of the Christian Democratic team, feisty former Premier Amintore Fanfani, 68, seldom makes such admissions. Fanfani's assignment is to raise the specter of fear over a Communist approach to power. At Grosseto and again at Benevento, he intimated that the party should have been outlawed: “Communism has always taken advantage of liberty to crush it once power is achieved—and it might have been better if we had not allowed them to take that road.” In that way, the Christian Democrats hope to pick up votes from supporters of such smaller parties as the Liberals and Social Democrats, and particularly the despised neo-Fascists. They received unexpected help in that approach recently when a neo-Fascist politician allegedly shot and killed a 25-year-old Communist heckler at an M.S.I. rally in *Sezze*. Fanfani blamed the shooting not only on Fascism but on rising Communist influence as well, thereby managing to damn two enemies with one tirade.

Moro and his Christian Democrats

*Voters 18 years old and over are eligible to vote for 630 seats in the Chamber of Deputies. But under Italian law, only 35 million of the 41 million total—those 25 years old or more—can vote for 315 seats in the Senate. The difference could create a political split between houses, since younger voters tend to be more radical.

have lately received help from an expected—but in some measure unwelcome—source. For the first time since the days when Alcide de Gasperi was the D.C. leader and autocratic Pope Pius XII threatened to excommunicate all Italians who voted Communist, the Vatican is taking a more overt part in an Italian campaign. Addressing a national conference of bishops last month, Pope Paul VI used the personal pronoun I instead of the pontifical we to stress his interest in the election. He obliquely exhorted Catholic voters to remain united behind the traditional Catholic party. At a weekly audience, Paul used Christ's post-resurrection words to his apostles, “Remain, remain in my love”—a not terribly subtle appeal to Italian voters to vote their Christian principles, meaning the Christian Democrats.

Both Pope Paul and the D.C. recognize that in an increasingly secularized and anti-clerical Italy—where divorce and abortion have been burning issues—too much Vatican interference could backfire. Moro himself has made no mention of the papal support, preferring to deliver his own moral appeals: “What divides us from the Communists? You know. It is our conception of man and our Christian belief, which is an important part of our heritage.”

Nevertheless, the church in recent weeks has quietly begun to provide political support for the Christian Democrats. Catholic Action, the lay organization that in Pius' time was the Pope's election spearhead, is now a moribund organization of only 600,000 people; nonetheless, nearly 5 million lay Catholics in Italy have been mounting a well-orchestrated word-of-mouth appeal against voting Communist. The Communists complained that some D.C. workers go so far as to mark sample ballots for householders and warn them, “If you vote Communist, it may be the last time you get a chance to vote at all.” In the still largely religious south of Italy, parish priests may turn out to be the

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Pope's best weapons. So far, few have delivered direct pulpit orders to their flocks to vote D.C., as many did in Pius' day. But as Franco Sasso, a parish priest in the southern town of Molfetta, indicated last week to TIME Correspondent Erik Amfithetrot, he would quietly remind parishioners, "When you make your choice, you must be consistent with your faith."

Among less sophisticated Italians, at least, the Christian Democrats are also gathering timely support based mostly on voter naïveté. Flyers have been distributed in rural areas which show the Italian peninsula chained and padlocked, while neighboring Yugoslavia has been replaced by a menacing Soviet tank. "It's a one-way street," says the poster of a vote for the Communists. In the south, meanwhile, where large numbers of people have emigrated over the years, rumors are flying that the U.S. will retaliate for a pro-Communist vote by expelling all Italian-Americans.

Washington is not that vengeful, of course, but for more than a year Secretary of State Kissinger has warned, Cassandra-fashion, of the consequences of a Communist role in government. Ar-

gues Kissinger: "It is difficult to see how we could continue to have NATO discussions if various Communist parties achieve control of Western European governments." Kissinger has stated his opposition to a "historic compromise" so often and so vigorously—most recently he was ruled out of order at a NATO meeting in Oslo for bringing up the matter—that some Europeans accuse him of interference in internal Italian affairs.

Others support the view of Journalist Alberto Ronchey of Milan's *Corriere della Sera*. Ronchey, who is a Republican Party candidate, noted during a symposium on Italian Communism sponsored by TIME: "I think everybody in Italy understands that Kissinger had to speak out. If he had kept silent, it would have been interpreted as acceptance of the Communists in government. Beyond that, it is necessary to avoid the impression that the U.S. wants an economic war with an Italian government with Communist participation."

Washington largely agrees with that interpretation. "We do not want to be seen as endorsing a historic compromise," one State Department official told TIME last week. "Perhaps we needed to use verbal overkill to stay neutral, but now it is up to the Italians to arrange these matters." Additionally, the U.S. would prefer not to provide the Communists with new opportunities in a campaign in which CIA payoffs and Lockheed bribes have already figured. Last week, when D.C. Secretary Zaccagnini spoke in Bologna, he was greeted by hecklers carrying an oversized model of a Lockheed airplane through the central square where the rally took place. The pilot of the plane was pictured as President Leone, a D.C. politician who has been fingered by unsubstantiated leaks and rumors as a Lockheed bribe taker in exchange for Italian air force orders.

Berlinguer himself in stump speeches has taken crafty advantage of the U.S. presidential election to make a point about U.S. interest in the Italian campaign. He notes that Idaho Senator Frank Church, in his campaigning for the presidency, has suggested that an accommodation could be reached between Washington and the P.C.I. Berlinguer identifies Church as the man who uncovered both the CIA payoffs and the Lockheed bribes—"in other words, a man who knows his chickens and a man who knows, as we know them, those voracious Christian Democratic chickens, who were given money by the CIA and Lockheed and the oil companies."

As the Italian campaign nears its climax and charges and countercharges fly, a Western diplomat observed in Rome last week: "It's almost as though the parties have forgotten that they're going to have to form some sort of government after the election." What kind they form will be determined when the votes are all counted next week.

There are three key choices, each of which depends not only on Communist returns but on how well the third-ranked Socialist Party does at the polls. In last year's regional elections, where Communists outran the predictions of pre-election polls, the P.C.I. got 33% of the vote and the Socialists 12%, up from 27% and 10%. If the two parties make further gains this time and achieve an absolute majority of 51%, they have indicated that they would invite other parties, except the neo-Fascists, to join in a "grand coalition." If the Christian Democrats were to refuse such an offer, the two leftist parties alone might then organize a Popular Front of the combined left, even though some Socialists believe that the time is not yet ripe in Italy for what they call the "left alternative."

If the Communists and Socialists score well but fall short of an absolute majority, on the other hand, the Christian Democrats would be in the swing position. To them would fall the fateful decision of whether or not to accept the historic compromise and invite the Communists to join in a government in which they would for the first time hold Cabinet portfolios. Such a decision is certain to produce a trauma that could even shatter the already factionalized Christian Democratic Party. Some observers foresee a different kind of *compromesso storico*, in which the participants would be Communists, Socialists and a breakaway, power-oriented wing of the D.C.

A third, more likely alternative is a government center-left by inclination—but not by formal designation—in which Socialists and Christian Democrats would participate with only parliamentary support from the Communists. Depending on whether they slipped this time from the D.C. total of 38.8% in the last national election, Christian Democrats might even be persuaded to surrender the premiership in such a coalition to a Socialist or a representative of one of the smaller, noncontroversial Italian parties. Although Berlinguer has insisted that the Communists no longer choose to be "water bearers" in government decisions, many Italian observers consider that for the time being they might be content with an indirect role in such "un pasticcio all'Italiana," or Italian pastry, as one politician dubbed such a coalition.

The choice among governments depends upon the voters, particularly those who in the past have marked Communist ballots to vent their irritation over the Christian Democrats. How they decide will have a large effect not only on Italian politics but on Western Europe as well. "What it all comes down to," said one State Department Italy-watcher last week, "is whether they're more scared of the Communists than they are disgusted with the Christian Democrats." With the rest of the West, Washington can hardly wait to find out.

PREMIER ALDO MORO IN MOLFETTA



AMINTORE FANFANI IN BENEVENTO



SYRIAN UNIT PAUSES NEAR CHTAURA SHORTLY AFTER CROSSING INTO LEBANON

MIDDLE EAST

Assad's Major Gamble

Syria plunged deeper than ever into the turbulent Lebanese civil war. In the cool, dark hours one morning last week around 3,000 infantrymen and nearly 100 tanks moved across the border into neighboring Lebanon. This was another desperate attempt to help end the 14-month-old fratricidal bloodletting that has already claimed more than 20,000 lives. It was also a high-risk gamble that could embroil the Syrians in a major confrontation with most of the Palestinian movement. Yet this new attempt at a *Pax Syria* may just force the Lebanese to discuss their differences long enough to permit a political compromise to take root. At week's end talks were under way, fueling hopes for an eventual peaceful solution.

Daring Move. The Syrian attacks last week were intended to check the mainly Moslem leftist forces and their radical Palestinian allies, who have been battling Lebanon's mainly Christian rightists. Syrian President Hafez Assad has been seeking a peace that would enable Christian and Moslem Lebanese to continue sharing political power; this would make it unlikely that a radical state would emerge on Syria's western frontier. This led Assad, earlier in the year, to send several thousand Syrian-led *Saika* fedayeen into Lebanon to bolster the Christian minority. Last week's action was a more daring move, for although a number of Syrian regulars have been disguised as *Saika*, and others have been based just inside the border, no regular forces of any outside power had ever pushed so openly and deeply into Leb-

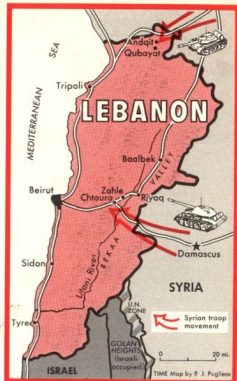
anon in such numbers during the civil war.

Predictably, Lebanon's leftists were enraged. Leftist Leader Kamal Jumblatt called a one-day general strike in Beirut that kept people off the streets and closed the few shops that had not already been shuttered by the incessant street fighting. He also requested that other Arab states "interfere" in order to end the Syrian intervention. This was seconded by the Palestine Liberation Organization, which also managed to accuse Washington of being behind Assad's move.

Egypt too denounced Assad, thus further chilling the already frigid relations between Cairo and Damascus. In a letter to the Arab League, Egyptian Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy accused Syria of preparing "bloody butcheries that are in reality a war of genocide." Fahmy, like Jumblatt and the P.L.O., called for joint action by other Arab states to get Syrian troops out of Lebanon. In Cairo, Arab students protesting the intervention occupied the Syrian embassy for three hours; in Moscow, Arabs demonstrated in front of the Syrian mission.

Assad sent his forces into Lebanon across two fronts last week. A relatively small group drove into the northeastern corner of Lebanon and encountered little resistance. The Syrians' primary objective in this area was easily accomplished: the lifting of the five-day leftist blockades of the Christian towns of Qubayat and Andqit.

The major Syrian force pushed into



central Lebanon, where it also found almost no military opposition. It took control of the strategic central Bekaa Valley, with its Riyaq airbase and the Damascus-Beirut highway, relieved the Christian community of Zahle, which had been under siege by the leftists for several months, and occupied the important crossroads town of Chtaura. From its position in the Bekaa, the Syrians were less than a 30-mile march from Beirut; to advance to the capital, however, they would have to pass through mountainous terrain, ideally suited to small-unit harassment tactics.

Gentle Syrians. The day following the Syrian intervention, TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn drove from Damascus into Lebanon along the main highway that runs to Beirut. "I was aware of the Syrian presence primarily because of the numerous checkpoints and camouflaged, Soviet-made Syrian T-54 tanks sitting in the green wheat-fields among the red poppies," cabled Wynn. "All was peaceful. Chtaura, for example, was going about business as usual—shops, cafes, food stalls and restaurants were open. Outside the town, old women once again had set up the stands from which they were selling freshly harvested onions, cherries and potatoes. Except for confiscating arms from anyone carrying them in public, the Syrian troops were dealing gently with the local population, and at some checkpoints Syrian soldiers were distributing leaflets explaining that the purpose of the sudden military intervention was to bring peace." By midweek, that

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purpose had been accomplished—for the moment, anyway—in most of central and northeastern Lebanon. Only in battle-scarred Beirut did devastating fighting continue.

What prompted Assad to order last week's incursion was his mounting frustration at seeing the failures of his previous attempts to end the war. His hope that Syrian-backed Elias Sarkis, who was named Lebanese President-elect last month, would soon take office has dimmed considerably because President Suleiman Franjeh refuses to resign until the fighting stops. A symbol of intransigent Christians to many Moslems, Franjeh's term does not officially expire until mid-September. Thus, according to a Syrian official, Assad decided "to create a situation in which Lebanon's President-elect can take office." But Assad waited until he had renewed the United Nations Observer Force mandate on the Golan Heights, thus assuring himself a calm frontier with Israel.

Reaction in the U.S. was muted. Washington is thought to be reconciled to a strong Syrian hand in Lebanon as the best hope for peace and for eventually controlling the terrorists based in the Palestinian refugee camps. Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin, at the end of his four-day official visit to Damascus, signed a joint communiqué calling for peace in Lebanon but said nothing about the intervention. Israel's leaders could barely suppress their glee at the events in Lebanon. Quipped Premier Yitzhak Rabin to a group of Haifa students: "Why should we stop the Syrian army, which is killing terrorists?" Rabin added that his country does not feel threatened by Damascus' military action in Lebanon so long as the Syrians do not start moving toward the Israeli-Lebanese border.

Raised Hope. Assad must now decide whether to send his troops into Beirut in order to impose a Syrian solution. He probably realizes, however, that that could trigger a ferocious battle in which Syrians would surely suffer the kind of heavy casualties they have been spared so far. The resulting funerals in Syria could unleash new anti-regime demonstrations, as an officer's burial did last month (TIME, May 31).

The Lebanese also do not want a violent confrontation with the Syrians. Fear of this was probably one factor spurring the three-hour meeting last week between top Phalange Militia Commander Bashir Gemayel (son of that right-wing party's leader, Pierre Gemayel) and Jumblatt; it was the first rightist-leftist discussion at that high level since the war began. According to aides, the two men expressed optimism that a "Lebanese solution" could be found, and both were said to have endorsed the basic political reforms long demanded by the left. Jumblatt later met with Sarkis, raising some hope that Lebanon's leaders were more willing than before to compromise their differences.



JUAN CARLOS GREETING BETTY FORD IN WASHINGTON AS THE PRESIDENT OBSERVES

SPAIN

In Columbus' Footsteps

For Spain's King Juan Carlos I, 38, and Queen Sofia, 37, it was an extraordinary week of firsts. Not since they ascended the throne last November had the royal couple traveled outside Spain. Never before had a Spanish monarch visited the Western Hemisphere. When Juan Carlos received eleven American Jewish leaders for a 25-minute talk in Washington, it marked the first time since at least 1492 (when Spain expelled its Jews) that a Spanish head of state had met with a Jewish delegation of any nationality (the week before, Sofia similarly shattered precedent by attending services at a Madrid synagogue).


En route to the U.S., the royal couple stopped off in the Dominican Republic, where Christopher Columbus, financed by Queen Isabella of Spain, made one of his first landfalls in the New World in 1492. In Washington, President Ford welcomed Juan Carlos and Sofia on the south lawn of the White House, then went off with the King and aides for a 40-minute review of Spanish-American relations. The talk centered on the proposed five-year treaty renewing U.S. base rights in Spain in return for \$1.2 billion in grants and credits. Though the treaty is likely to be approved this week, some Senators are unhappy about the size of the aid package and about what they see as Juan Carlos' failure—despite his short tenure—to do more to democratize post-Franco Spain.

The King sought to answer such criticisms in an 18-minute speech, de-

livered in English, before a joint session of Congress. "The monarchy," he vowed, "will ensure the orderly access to power of distinct political alternatives, in accordance with the freely expressed will of the people." Spain's still potent old guard and growing Communist Party may complicate that task, but Ford later told the King at a white-tie dinner: "I am confident that your leadership will prove more than equal to the tasks ahead." All told, the King impressed his listeners as a young man who is trying hard to get a handle on the serious problems that confront Spain before they erupt.

Bronze Plaque. After unveiling a 20-ft.-high, 66-ton sculpture of Don Quixote astride Rosinante at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and holding a party for the Fords at the Spanish embassy, Juan Carlos and his blonde Queen jetted to New York for the windup of their four-day visit. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, they inaugurated a display of eight Goyas that were lent by Madrid's Prado, including both naked and clothed *Majas*. In Fort Greene Park, across the East River, Juan Carlos presented a bronze plaque at the monument to the Brooklyn Martyrs—the 12,000 men who died aboard British prison ships in nearby Wallabout Bay during the Revolutionary War. Most of the dead were Americans, but a large number of foreign soldiers and sailors who were fighting for the newborn nation also perished aboard the floating jails. More than 300 of them were Spanish.

How much of your house would your insurance rebuild at today's prices?



We asked State Farm agent, Mal Twitty of Schaumburg, Illinois, to help us make an important point about homeowners insurance. The Roselle Lumber Company in Mal's area cooperated in setting up this display.

\$5,000
worth of building materials
1971

\$5,000
worth of building materials
1976



Mal Twitty: "Homeowners need constant protection against escalating building prices, and a State Farm Homeowners Policy with automatic Inflation Coverage can provide it. It helps keep pace with rising building costs because it's based on the government's monthly Construction Cost Index. If building prices continue to rise, so does your homeowners coverage—automatically. And your premium is adjusted only once a year, at renewal time..."

Check your Yellow Pages and ask your nearby State Farm agent about automatic Inflation Coverage.



**Like a good neighbor,
State Farm is there.**

STATE FARM FIRE AND CASUALTY COMPANY
Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

A road toughener can prevent more than just potholes.



When an unexpected bump jerks the steering wheel, a pothole can turn from a nuisance into a very real menace.

Drop a wheel into a pothole at forty miles an hour, and you can blow a tire, break a wheel, even skitter off the road.

How do you prevent that?

Now repairs can be made faster. And stronger.

Petromat[®] helps solve the problem. Used to repair damaged roads, the tough Petromat underliner fabric helps

stronger than ever before possible.

Road crews using a special installation unit can repair long stretches of road in a single day.



already using the underliner to reinforce runways.

The tough protection puts a stop to hazardous cracks before they happen. So vital runways are open for business, not closed for repairs.

Petromat gives tennis buffs a better bounce.

Contractors are even using the fabric as a sub-surface for new tennis courts. Good news for everybody who's ever lost a match on a bad bounce.

Petromat. It saves time, money, maybe even some lives.

And it was developed by the same people who make fine products for your car.

The people of Phillips Petroleum.

Surprised?



The Performance Company

Petromat underliner stops dangerous cracks from breaking apart new paving, keep cracks from reflecting through from the old road to the new surface, and helps seal out destructive water seepage. And it makes repairs faster and

Petromat saves money by saving manhours. But it can also save something much more important. Lives.

At some major airports, they're

Read what the experts say about Renault 5

(before you buy a Rabbit, Civic or Chevette).

"Best MPG car we've ever tested."

—"Car and Driver" Magazine

If you want something more stingy with gasoline, you should consider a motorcycle! The Renault 5 can chalk up an incredible 40 miles per gallon on the highway, 28 city. (Remember, these are EPA estimates. Your mileage may vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment*.)

"... seems built like a tank."

—"Road Test" Magazine

The Renault 5 has unitized body and chassis plus factory-applied rustproofing and undercoating. Simply put, this car is built to last. Which is one big reason why 1,200,000 Europeans bought one.

"Hold off for a while if you're considering a car like Chevrolet Chevette, Volkswagen Rabbit or a Honda Civic."

—Dan Jedlicka, Syndicated Automotive Columnist, "Chicago Sun-Times"

Renault 5 gives you road-hugging front-wheel drive. Chevette doesn't. Renault 5 has a hatchback door which opens down to the bumper for easy loading. Rabbit, Civic and Chevette hatchbacks don't. And the Renault 5 starts at only \$3,295. (P.O.E. East Coast. Renault 5 TL. Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation, taxes or optional equipment. Stripe, Mag wheels, Sunroof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost.)

"Dips that jolt most small cars are mere ripples to the Renault 5."

—"Road & Track" Magazine

Renault 5 gives you the longest wheelbase of any hatchback in its class. Longer than the Rabbit, Civic or the Chevette. This means you don't sit as close to the wheels where the bumps are the hardest. Road Test Magazine says, "... blasting across a railroad track at full speed becomes not only possible, but delightful."

"... an artfully engineered piece of machinery."

—"Car and Driver" Magazine

The Renault 5 comes with rack-and-pinion steering, 4-speed synchromesh transmission, fully independent torsion bar suspension, front disc brakes, 31.5 cubic feet of cargo space, with rear seat folded, and Michelin steel-belted radials. And Renault has the unique toll-free Parts Action Line—which means most parts can be rushed to you anywhere in the continental U.S. within 48 hours.

Find out why Motor Trend Magazine says it's "... love at first drive around the block." Test drive the new Renault 5 today. It just may be the best car you've ever driven! Call 800-631-1616 for your nearest Renault dealer (in New Jersey call collect 201-461-6000).

RENAULT 5

The incredible little car
over a million Europeans drive!

**Thank Heaven
for little
cars!**



* California EPA mileage estimates may differ from above. In California, Renault 5 will be available after June 1, 1976.

HOW TO IMPROVE A BOTTLE OF CHIVAS REGAL.

As magnificent as even the most prestigious 12 year old Scotches are, some people think they have a smoky, slightly heavy quality that takes a lot of getting used to.

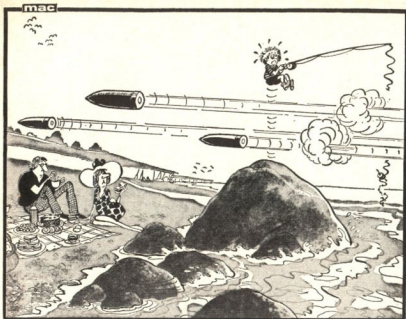
If you're one of these people, you'll find Cutty 12 a lot more satisfying. It's smoother. More polished. With a taste that slips over the palate without a tremor. It makes 12 year old Scotch a lot easier to acquire a taste for.

CUTTY 12.
THE 12 YEAR OLD THAT TASTES EVEN BETTER.



*It's not legal to pour a great Scotch into someone else's bottle. We don't recommend it.
Instead we suggest you pour Cutty 12 directly into your glass.*

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. SOLE U.S. IMPORTER, THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.



"Jeremy, pet—I don't know what fishing limit Mr. Crosland has agreed, but I think you're contravening it..."

ARGENTINA

The Murders Continue

One morning last week, General Juan José Torres, 56, who served as a leftist President of Bolivia for ten months before being ousted by a military coup in August 1971, left his apartment in Buenos Aires to visit his barber. After getting a haircut, he told his wife, he planned to call on a friend whose mother had died recently. Torres never had a chance to offer his condolences. Roughly 38 hours after he left home, his body was found beside a bridge on a highway 60 miles from the Argentine capital. The former President had been shot three times in the head.

Torres' murder was the third in a grisly series of spectacular political killings that have tainted the nation-saving image won by Argentina's military junta in their virtually bloodless ouster of the incompetent Isabel Perón last March. Three weeks ago, two former Uruguayan legislators, Zelmar Michelini and Héctor Gutiérrez Ruiz, were seized in separate commando-style raids. Their bodies were found four days later in an abandoned car, together with the corpses of two other Uruguayans who had earlier been involved with the Tupamaro guerrillas.

The new military authorities have found it both embarrassing and difficult to account for the killings—and not only because the murderers have not been found. In the case of Gutiérrez Ruiz, for example, the police did not intervene even though the kidnapers remained in his apartment—located just blocks from three heavily guarded embassies—for more than an hour. Even after the case made headlines, no one bothered to visit the apartment for fingerprints. When Gutiérrez Ruiz's wife tried to file a kidnapping complaint with the police, she was not allowed to file for anything more serious than the loss of her identity document, which the kidnapers had stolen.

False Charges. The murders of these prominent exiles are dramatic evidence that the political violence that has beset Argentina for six years has not stopped under the generals; at least 350 people have died since they took over. Most observers agree that the guerrillas have been hit hard by the security forces, but they can still hit back. Last week guerrillas kidnaped Colonel Juan Alberto Pita, a friend of President Jorge Rafael Videla and the recently appointed government referee in the powerful General Confederation of Labor.

After Torres' assassination, Argentine Interior Minister General Albano Harguindeguy denounced a "well-directed campaign from abroad aimed at undermining the prestige of the new authorities and hindering the process of national reorganization." Harguindeguy was referring to what he called "false charges"—mainly in the European press—that Argentina has failed to protect

THE HIGH SEAS

Now, the Cod Peace

Iceland 3, Britain 0.

This seemed to be the score last week after Reykjavik handily won the third round—as it had the previous two—in the so-called Cod War, a 17-year-old dispute with London over the valuable fishing rights in the chilling Arctic waters off the Icelandic coast. At a hastily arranged meeting in "neutral" Oslo, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Crosland and Icelandic Foreign Minister Einar Agustsson signed a six-month agreement that could end what had become an increasingly acrimonious disagreement between the two NATO allies (they broke off diplomatic relations last February) and was even threatening to impair the alliance itself.

What triggered the most recent conflict was Iceland's unilateral claim last October that its territorial waters extended 200 miles from its coast.*

When Iceland's patrol boats attempted to thwart British fishing by cutting the trawlers' costly nets and towlines, British fishermen demanded protection. London responded by ordering Royal Navy frigates into the area to shield the trawlers from the Icelandic boats. What often followed was a seaborne game of "chicken." Ships of the two countries, in fact, came so close together in the choppy waters that they collided dozens of times. To tiny Iceland (pop. 219,000), the con-

flict again became a matter of David's facing down Goliath. But it was also a matter of economic survival, for cod provide 40% of the country's exports, and Reykjavik fears that massive overfishing by foreigners in Iceland's waters has been dangerously depleting the area's fish stock. London counters that codfishing near Iceland is also important to the British, worth \$69 million a year.

Yet Britain last week grudgingly backed down, tacitly recognizing Iceland's new claim. In the new accord, London has promised to send no more than 24 fishing trawlers per day into Iceland's 200-mile zone, to respect Icelandic-defined fish "conservation" areas, and to permit Icelandic patrol vessels to halt and inspect British trawlers suspected of violating the agreement. This, in effect, will limit British fishermen to about 30,000 tons of cod annually from the disputed area, compared with 130,000 tons last year. Moreover, some 1,500 British seamen and 7,500 workers ashore may lose their jobs because of the reduced cod catch.

Key Base. London apparently agreed to such harsh terms mainly because it was under pressure from the U.S. and Norway, which feared that Iceland would make good on its threat to quit NATO if the 200-mile zone was not respected. That could have denied the alliance the key Keflavik base from which Soviet surface and submarine naval activity has been monitored. London now hopes that when the new treaty expires in six months, the Common Market, as a bloc, will negotiate new terms with Iceland that will enable Britain to increase its harvest of Icelandic cod.

*In the first "war" (1958), Britain was unable to prevent Iceland from extending its fishing limits from four miles to twelve miles; in the second (1972-73), Iceland extended its limit to 50 miles.

THE WORLD

political refugees; many of his fellow officers suspect that the murders are the work of right-wing Peronist death squads trying to discredit the Videla government.

Worries about the refugees are indeed widespread. United Nations High Commissioner Sadruddin Aga Khan expressed his concern for the safety of the estimated 25,000 political refugees in Argentina following the murder of the Uruguayans. Last week Bolivian President Hugo Banzer Suarez, who overthrew Torres in 1971, proclaimed a day of national mourning for his murdered foe and promised him a military funeral befitting his rank. He also invited back to Bolivia all of the some 1,000 exiles who feel themselves "persecuted by any form of extremism."

THE SOUTH PACIFIC

The Making of Tim-Tim

The remote and primitive Portuguese fiefdom of East Timor in the Lesser Sunda islands may have been the closest thing ever to a colony that no one really wanted. Discovered by the Portuguese in the 16th century, it has been theirs by default ever since. A mountainous wilderness roughly half the size of Maryland, East Timor has 650,000 inhabitants, mainly illiterate natives. Colonial mastery, such as it was, lay in the hands of an appointed governor, several hundred Portuguese militiamen, and a handful of coffee planters.

All that began changing rapidly two years ago. The Portuguese, spurred by their anticolonial revolution at home, wanted out. Led at the time by Marxist Premier Vasco Gonçalves, they encouraged formation of a pro-Communist

Revolutionary Front for an Independent East Timor (Fretilin), which finally seized control and began butchering members of opposing political factions. Suddenly, East Timor became a minor source of international tension. Indonesia, which holds adjoining West Timor, professed horror at the thought of a Communist toehold. In turn, that renewed neighboring Australia's suspicion of Indonesia's expansionist ambitions in the region.

Six months ago, Indonesian President Suharto struck. He sent thousands of marines and paratroops to Dili, the capital, where the fighting was bloody but short (TIME, Dec. 22). Suharto's problem then was that he earned international disapproval for his invasion. Some show of popular acceptance was needed for the annexation. Last week just such an extravaganza took place as pro-Indonesians welcomed the idea of union with Indonesia. TIME's Robert Kroon was one of about 50 international observers at the event. His report:

The invitation was from the "Provisional Government of East Timor," addressed to 25 ambassadors in Jakarta and a selection of Indonesian and foreign correspondents. The occasion: "To attend the session of the People's Representative Council of East Timor on the exercise of the right of self-determination of the people of East Timor."

When we boarded a spanking new Garuda Indonesian Airways jet, the diplomats were uncomfortably outnumbered by some 40 newsmen. Only India and Iran sent their ambassadors; Malaysia, Saudi Arabia, Thailand, New Zealand and Nigeria sent lower-level dignitaries. The U.S. and the Soviet Union declined, as did the Common Market countries, Australia, and even such close

Indonesian allies as Singapore and the Philippines. One reason might have been that Portugal, despite little active interest in the money-losing colony, had filed a complaint with the United Nations Security Council after the invasion.

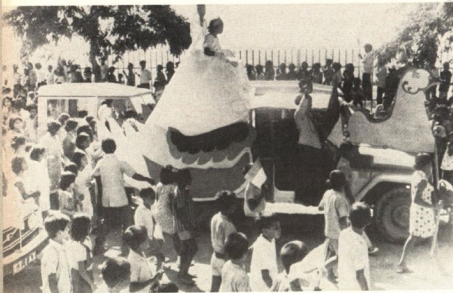
Five hours later, we reached Dili. Crowds of dark-skinned Timorese lined the dusty streets between Dili's pink-and-white stuccoed houses, some of which had been hastily painted over to erase Fretilin slogans. Gongs and cymbals clanged, and drums sounded amidst cries of "Merdeka!" (Freedom) and "Viva Presidente Suharto!" No Indonesian armed forces were in sight, only a handful of local militiamen in ragtag colonial uniforms and wide-brimmed hats, carrying a variety of antediluvian weapons. Finally, we reached a grubby, squat sports hall adorned with a sign saying "We wish you a happy conference." The 28-member People's Representative Council had already started its historic session.

Inside, the Deputies were arrayed in neat rows, many of them dressed in the short-sleeved safari outfits favored by Jakarta's top-level civil servants. There were no Indonesian officials present, and a giant red-and-white Indonesian flag was the only sign of the new facts of life in Dili. A single agenda item figured in gold lettering on a huge red screen: "Integração de Timor Timur na República de Indonesia"—Integration of Eastern Timor in the Republic of Indonesia. Already, Indonesians, who love abbreviations, refer to their new territorial acquisition as "Tim-Tim."

Total Integration. Speaker after speaker launched into flowery statements in Portuguese, stressing "cultural, ethnic and material ties interrupted by 4½ centuries of Dutch and Portuguese colonialism." The assembly decided to send a delegation to Jakarta to plead for "total integration," a petition that seemed assured of a sympathetic reception.

In good Portuguese tradition, the 2½-hour session was closed with a prayer. Outside, a festive procession marched past the building. But newsmen were told that there was no time for a press conference, and Jakarta's hand-picked governor, Arnaldo de Araújo, a former schoolteacher, and all the Deputies suddenly vanished. No diplomat had any contact with them.

Back in Jakarta, officials said that East Timor would be administered as a *daerah istimewa*, or special territory, with separate funds earmarked for its development. Ultimately, it may become Indonesia's 27th province. "It's going to cost us millions," sighed one Indonesian army man, "not only because it may still take a year to pacify the place completely, but also because East Timor is a chronic deficit area." But, added another, "we had to swallow Tim-Tim, and we are sure our friends abroad will swallow what we have done as well, sooner or later."



TIMORESE CELEBRATE AFTER PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT VOTES TO JOIN INDONESIA
After a bloody prelude, agreement among deputies who then avoided the press.

**"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never
smoke a boring cigarette."**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75



Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

If you think refrigerators maybe you're looking at

You can save \$300 to \$500 by reading this ad.



You can spend \$800 or \$900 for an Admiral refrigerator. If you really need that much refrigerator.

If you've been looking at refrigerators with automatic icemakers, drink dispensers in the door, 22 or 24 cubic feet of storage space, a separate door for the freezer and a price tag of up to \$1,000 . . . we'd like to ask you something.

Do you really need that much refrigerator?

If you don't, we've got some good news for you.

Admiral has a refrigerator that might just be all the refrigerator you need. For less than \$450.

The smart money is on Admiral.

When we went to work designing our new line of Admiral refrigerators, we did so with your budget in mind.

We put our money into a better basic refrigerator. We think that's smart money.

Introducing a refrigerator that's basic but very flexible.

If your family is just starting out, even \$450 is a lot of money for a refrigerator. But what can you get for around \$450? From Admiral, plenty.

Admiral has designed a basic no-frost refrigerator that lets you add options to fit your changing needs. You don't have to pay money now for what you don't need now. You don't have to buy a bigger model just to get one particular feature.

Why pay hundreds more for a 24-cu.-ft. model when a 16-cu.-ft. Admiral could be all you need?

With the new Admiral, you can arrange the shelves any way you want. Leave them in, take them out. You can store big things without having a big refrigerator. A 22-pound turkey or a plump Texas watermelon or a bushel of fruit you might want to can.

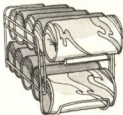


With this kind of storage flexibility you can save hundreds of dollars in unnecessary or seldom used refrigerator space.



Do you want a handy cold can carrousel? \$6.95* extra.

If your family goes through a lot of canned drinks, maybe it would make sense to buy a special storage carrousel so that the cans are right there when you want them. And you have more space for other things.



Then again, maybe you really don't need one. It's up to you. Admiral gives you a choice.

Want to keep more meat?



If your family eats a lot of meat, you're well aware of the money you can save waiting for specials.

And Admiral has a unique mobile meat keeper that can help you take advantage of those specials.

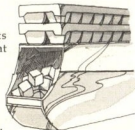
It hangs under a shelf, out of the way and can be arranged or temporarily removed. Buy now or buy later. For \$8.95.*

For an extra \$7.95,* you can add the option of a freezer shelf that is reversible and rearrangeable.

Do you need an automatic icemaker?

Sure it's handy. But it costs money, too. It will cost you at least an extra \$59.95.*

If you're willing to expend just a little effort and do it yourself, spend \$5.95* and get our ice cube tray ejector and keeper. Save \$54. Or you can buy either one later.



How often do you clean behind your refrigerator?

It's nice to have the option of having a refrigerator on wheels. It makes cleaning easier. And it's a lot easier to push a refrigerator than lift it.

But, like everything else, wheels cost money. For \$4.95,* you can put your new Admiral on wheels. Or, save the money and buy a couple of steaks.



s cost too much, t too much refrigerator.

If you really don't need something, why buy it?

Admiral offers you plenty of features. But if you don't need them, you don't have to buy them. If you're a vegetarian, you really don't need a meat keeper. A cold water dispenser built into the door is convenient. But it's also expensive. If you can make do with cold water from the kitchen faucet, save the money. And why buy a refrigerator with a radio in the door when you have to



admit, an everyday radio is a lot more practical and certainly more portable.

What it comes down to is money.

Smart money.

These days, money is mighty hard to stretch. And if you're like most of us and are looking for ways to make it go further, take a good look at the new Admiral refrigerators at your local Admiral dealer. Admiral Group, Rockwell International, Schaumburg, IL 60196.



**Rockwell
International**



Model NT 1664, 16 cubic foot no-frost.

*Suggested retail price

The smart money is on Admiral

How did Dodge Colt put so much in such a little car?

Revolutionary Silent Shaft Engine

5-speed manual transmission

Flow-through
ventilation

Tinted glass

Reclining bucket seats

Front disc brakes

Bumper guards —
front and rear

Carpeting

Power brakes

Locking gas cap

33 MPG highway, 20 MPG city
EPA estimate*

Adjustable steering
column

Camping equipment not included
(But there's 58.3 cubic feet of space for it.)

Introducing the '76 Dodge Colt Estate Wagon. With all the standard equipment listed here, this Colt got 33 MPG on the highway, 20 MPG in the city. Colt comes in four other models, too: Coupe, Carousel, 4-door Sedan and GT. **Prices start at \$3,175.** (Base sticker price for a 1976 Colt Coupe. Not including taxes, destination charges, license and title fees and optional equipment. California prices slightly higher.)



*EPA estimate for Colt Estate Wagon. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. In California, see your dealer for mileage data.



Message to America

from Japan's Prime Minister Takeo Miki

As part of our Bicentennial observances, TIME asked the leaders of nations around the world to speak to the American people through TIME's pages on how they see the U.S. and what they hope—and expect—from it in the years ahead. This message from Prime Minister Takeo Miki of Japan is the second in the series.

I have the unique distinction of being the first Prime Minister of Japan to have lived, worked and studied in the U.S. and to have gained firsthand an indelible experience of the many meanings of American democracy.

The time was the mid-1930s. It was a period of global Depressions unequalled before or since, and of the rise of both Fascism and Communism in Europe and militarism in my own country. I had already spent some time as a youthful observer in Germany and the Soviet Union, where it seemed to me the myths of statism left no room for individual liberty, initiative or responsibility, and where Utopian visions of the future seemed contrived and grim.

I then spent two years in Southern California, working part time, listening and learning and meeting thousands of Americans. It was there that I found a political compass that has served me well through my subsequent lifetime career as a parliamentarian, internationalist and democrat.

Not that the Americans I associated with were different or better as human beings than any other nationality I knew, or than my own people. Nor was it that America's record as a world power, or even its domestic performance as the self-proclaimed land of liberty and equality, was without fault or blemish.

It was rather, I think, that even in the depths of Depression, and with the lights of liberty going out in the rest of the world, the American people never lost faith in their democratic political institutions, or their confidence that in a free society the people themselves hold the key to their own destiny.

This remarkable resilience of the American national character rises, I believe, from your national experience that self-government is both the most difficult and the most rewarding of all political systems. In the absence of imposed discipline, the individual citizens must discipline themselves to make democracy work.

This is not a formula for Utopia, for in a democracy the ideal is never quite reachable; there is always more to be done. The difference between what is and what might be lies in the initiative of citizens who are willing to strive together to create something better.

America's vitality also rises, I am convinced, out of your experience with diversity as a nation of immigrants. This is particularly striking to Japanese, a homogeneous people with a unique language and culture. For generations, the people of America have come from all corners of the earth, including Japan, bringing to your shores differences in language, culture, religion and historical experience. Yet by making common cause of your unflagging

pursuit of individual liberty, dignity and fulfillment, you Americans have forged out of your diversity a unity and power unrivaled in the world.

These are among the meanings of America, the world's oldest constitutional democracy, that have continuing relevance for the rest of the world: first, that freedom flourishes in a society whose people are continually engaged in self-renewal and self-correction; second, that the working principles of democracy are not the exclusive property of any one people or culture, but are responsive to the deepest needs of any people with the yearning to be free.

Japan's own experience with America illustrates these historic facts. Twice in the past, the U.S. has helped to fashion Japan's history: Some 120 years ago it induced Japan out of self-imposed isolation and into the modern world. In the immediate aftermath of the Pacific War, the U.S. encouraged democratic forces within Japan to guide what has since become the only advanced industrialized democracy in Asia and the second most populous democracy in the world.

We had tragic differences a generation ago which men of good will on both sides failed to prevent. In the succeeding three decades, both sides have labored creatively to weave unbreakable ties. I am confident we have done so, though we must never take them for granted.

Japan and the U.S. are not simply the closest of friends in a narrow bilateral relationship. We have also become the most active partners in pursuit of a more open and fairer world economic system and a more stable world political order. Differences in perspective and priorities are bound to rise from time to time on opposite sides of the Pacific. Yet all this is natural and healthy.

Looking to the future, Japan expects much of the U.S. and is prepared to offer much in return. The Japan-U.S. Treaty of Mutual Cooperation and Security is the cornerstone of Japan's foreign policy. Linked to the U.S. deterrent, this pact is central to the maintenance of peace and stability in Pacific Asia. We count on the U.S. to maintain its deterrent in the Western Pacific, and to continue its constructive participation in the economic modernization of developing Asia—an American role which I am confident the independent states of that region also welcome.

We count on the U.S. to sustain its historic commitment to liberal world trade. In this connection, Japan warmly welcomed recent decisions by the American Executive Branch which have cleared the atmosphere for our multilateral trade negotiations, and should help reinforce world economic recovery.

Most of all, we count on the U.S. for its continuing friendship and partnership. Dare we also hope that the approaching third American century will be the era when all the diverse nations and peoples of the Pacific will discover and learn to build upon their natural interdependence? That would indeed be a proper challenge to the ingenuity, imagination and creativity of all the peoples of the Pacific, and especially of the peoples of Japan and the U.S.



SCENE FROM MENOTTI'S *THE HERO*

Souvenir Opera

Gian-Carlo Menotti's latest opera, *The Hero*, opens in a modern bedroom that has been decorated as a tourist attraction. To the right sits a four-poster. It is roped off and its curtains are drawn. In the rear is a stand displaying souvenir dishes and postcards. Also on sale are toy replicas of a man in bed. Two tourists, a husband and wife, enter the room. The proprietress announces that the admission is \$2 each. Replies the man: "Two dollars! Shit!" Leave it to the man who brought opera to both Broadway (*The Consul*) and film (*The Medium*) to bless the operatic lexicon with one of the commoner four-letter words.

That is about all that can be said for this work, which was commissioned and introduced by the Opera Company of Philadelphia last week, with the composer staging the work and taking a walk-on role. The hero in question, David Murphy (Baritone Dominic Cossa), has been asleep in the four-poster for ten years. His self-centered wife Mildred (Mezzo Diane Curry) has long since removed the *mis* from her misfortune by putting David on public display. She has even installed a tape recorder to immortalize his every snore. The drama comes to life, so to speak, when David awakes at the end of Act I.

He learns that he has become the town's central industry. A monument to him is to be unveiled in the square and the Governor is coming. Cries the mayor in panic: "We have invested a fortune

in your sleep. The whole town will be bankrupt." David's dilemma is clear. He can remain a hero only if he goes back to snoring. Or he can tell the truth and let the souvenirs fall where they may. He opts for the latter course, declaring portentously: "Too many temples have been built to trumped-up idols... Our voice must rise with blinding candor against the naked emperors."

The Hero is apparently intended both as humorous metaphor and, in Menotti's words, as "a gentle, good-natured plea for Americans to wake up to reality, to abandon self-congratulatory illusions, to return to their former rugged individualism." The opera invites easy comparisons. There is a tape-erasing scene (David's awakening has been recorded); though the Nixon tapes are not mentioned, the point is obvious. Operatic comparisons are also in order. *The Hero* is a reverse twist on Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, that maudlin, heavy-handed tale about the impersonation of a dead man in bed. Most of Menotti's music is passable Puccini: melodic, easy to take—and totally beside the point in 1976.

The trouble with *The Hero* is that it has so little going for it, not even a mature satirical point of view. It is the kind of morality fable that a Thurber might have conceived. Menotti has dealt with it as though he were writing for Norman Lear.

William Bender

A Messiah on Guitar

Rock has its kings and queens, with royal egos to match, but it does not have many who are willing to say, as Guitarist Roy Buchanan does, "Probably the reason I never made it big was because I didn't care whether I made it big." If there is room in rock for a shy, devout, balding man of 36, Buchanan may make it big in spite of himself.

Old guitar pros like Nashville's Chet Atkins say that Roy's pickin' is just about the best there is. His vibrating high notes come at the listener like a highballing truck. No less extraordinary are his strumming chord changes, his mercurial runs and the broad processional quality of his rhythms.

Buchanan combines jazz, country, blues and rock 'n' roll, but he first learned music in church in the California farming town of Pixley (pop. 1,584). His father, a Pentecostal preacher, gave him his first guitar when he was five. At 15, Buchanan left for Los Angeles and began bumming around the coun-

try. ("I can remember sleepin' in fields, I can remember sleepin' in bars.") The roving life also got him what he calls "messed up on dope." Then came a day of revelation: "I had a vision one night. I saw Hell. I fell on the floor and completely freaked out. That's when I quit."

Right On, Roy. In 1972 Ahmet Ertegun, chairman of Atlantic Records, heard Buchanan play in New York's Carnegie Hall and said: "You can write your own ticket on my label." Only now has Buchanan finally decided to pick up that ticket. His new LP on Atlantic, *A Street Called Straight*, is working its way onto the charts and has generally been hailed as the first album that captures the excitement Buchanan can generate in public performances.

In California last week, Buchanan demonstrated that quality at the San Jose Center for the Performing Arts. He sauntered onstage, took a gulp of beer, then stepped forward with his Fender Telecaster guitar. The youthful audience welcomed him with screams and cheers. For the next two hours, Buchanan and his three sidemen played to constant outbursts from the crowd: "Come on, Roy... Right on, Roy." Roy responded by singing about half the 18 songs on the program, including the wailing *Roy's Bluz* and the chuckling *My Cat Walked Out Last Sunday*. But the biggest applause came for the broad, sweeping melody that is by now his theme, *The Messiah Will Come Again*.

"There is a town," Buchanan intoned over the moaning of his guitar, "a strange, lonely little town they call the town, till one day a stranger appeared..." At the end, having promised that the Messiah would come again, Buchanan moved slowly toward the back of the stage and, like a sort of rock Messiah, slipped off into the darkness.

ROCK GUITARIST ROY BUCHANAN



More what?

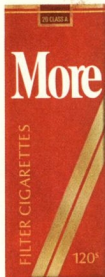
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will touch your life.**



THE GOD BLESS AMERICA FESTIVAL AT YANKEE STADIUM IN NEW YORK, WITNESSED BY MOONIES AND PICKETED BY FOES

The Darker Side of Sun Moon

Ladies and gentlemen, if there is illness in your home, do you not need a doctor from outside? God has sent me to America in the role of a doctor, in the role of a fire fighter... For the last three years, with my entire heart and soul I have been teaching American youth a new revelation from God.

The speaker was that sleek, self-anointed savior from Korea, Sun Myung Moon, 56, and his podium last week was in New York's Yankee Stadium. As the head of the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity, Reverend Moon, whose country was once a target for Christian missionaries, is now three years into his program for turning the tables on the West and evangelizing it for his own (TIME, Nov. 10). He had forecast an overflow crowd of 200,000, perhaps even an absurd million, for his stadium extravaganza. In preparation, 1,500 of his relentlessly smiling young followers held brass-band rallies from Harlem to Wall Street, plastered every available wall with red-white-and-blue posters bearing Moon's smiling face, and handed out free tickets to the "God Bless America Festival." In a shrewd civic come-on, platoons of Moonies donned white jumpsuits, armed themselves with brooms and plastic bags and cheerfully worked from neighborhood to neighborhood tidying up city streets.

In the event, the stadium seating 54,000 was only about half full. Many who did come left long before the end of Moon's hour-long harangue, punched out in rough, guttural Korean and translated into English paragraph by para-

graph. Outside the stadium, 50 groups of Moon's foes paraded and picketed with signs like A PROPHET FOR PROFIT, and NO SLAVE LABOR ALLOWED. Among the most vociferous of the demonstrators were parents of his disciples, who for the most part lose contact with their families upon joining Moon's religion.

The Unification Church is only one of dozens of religious cults that are drawing young Americans these days. Other notable ones are Hare Krishna, the Children of God, Brother Julius, Love Israel and the Divine Light Mission. But Moon's penchant for publicity and totalitarian trappings attracts the most attention and stirs the strongest emotions—not only in the U.S., where he claims 30,000 followers, but in South Korea, where he claims 300,000 and in Japan 200,000. His small following in Europe has grown rapidly in the past few years. There are 1,000 in France, 6,000 in West Germany.

Ginseng Tea. To some spectators in New York City in the weeks leading up to his rally, his cadres of short-haired, fresh-faced youths marching and singing together were a reminder of early Nazi days. So are the anti-Semitic doctrines expressed in Moon's religious writings, though many of his followers are young Jews. Moon's wealth and his political connections and apparatus are also under increasing scrutiny. He never seems to lack funds with which to fly or bus squads of converts wherever he needs them. Strongly anti-Communist, Moon orates frequently about politics. An industrialist back home in South Korea, he is staunch in his support of President Park Chung Hee, and during the

Watergate crisis, met privately with Nixon and took out full-page ads supporting him.

Moon lives in baronial splendor with his second wife and eight of his nine children overlooking the Hudson River. In the past few years his church, or its satellite organizations, has invested at least \$19 million in California and the New York City area. Latest purchase: Manhattan's Hotel New Yorker, for over \$5 million.

Where does the money come from? Although there have been rumors of large donations from industries in Japan and Korea, this is not the case. But Moon has interests in a number of businesses in many countries, among them South Korea's Il Hwa pharmaceutical company, which exports ginseng tea, and Tong Il Industries, which manufactures air rifles. Moon exploits the talent and energy of his hard-core disciples, who go on the streets to sell flowers, candles, peanuts and ginseng tea. Their take is considerable—perhaps \$10 million a year, and because his cult is legally a religion, all income is tax free. "They told us that our work bought the Hotel New Yorker," a Moonie street peddler said proudly last week. It is also Moonies who are remodeling the hotel to make it a Unification Church hostel and headquarters.

The Moonies are overeducated for their work. Drawn mostly from middle-class families, many were college students originally attracted to the movement by various idealistic-sounding causes. Fort Worth debutante Cynthia Slaughter was drawn by an ad seeking someone interested in the "betterment of mankind" (see box page 50). Others learn about the movement when they go to discussions of "ecology," "moral-

ity," and the spiritual salvation of the U.S.

Once seduced into their weird new world, converts are surrounded always by warm, supportive Brothers and Sisters and are reassured by smiles, friendly pats and handholding (called "love bombing"). Premarital sex, however, is banned, as are drugs, and the moralistic tone of the centers generally attracts those looking for discipline and order. The disciples sleep only five or six hours a day, eat simply and are assigned tasks such as domestic work, proselytizing or selling. In order to peddle their wares they may claim to be helping drug addicts, orphans, anybody—since such lies are merely "heavenly deceit."

Heretics' Insights. The Moonies became infused with the "Divine Principle." Moon's doctrine as spelled out in his book, the movement's bible. Many converts come to believe that Moon is a second Messiah who will exceed Jesus Christ in glory. They also learn Moon's law of indemnity. Both their sins and their ancestors' must be atoned for through nonstop exertion. Many of them turn over their bank accounts to the movement, and willingly cut themselves off from their own families. They honor, even pray to, Moon and his wife, as their "true parents."

Some observers are tolerant of the Moonies. "I just wonder why we can't get more motivation like the Moon motivation in our own churches," says the

Rev. Dan Potter, director of the Council of Churches of the City of New York, which nevertheless has refused to admit the Unification Church to its membership. Adds Potter: "We are all a collection of groups grown out of the insights of so-called heretics." Religious orders have long sequestered their initiates from the world, and ceaseless work can be seen as beneficial.

Yet there is little evidence that the Moonies' efforts contribute to anything but Moon's coffers, and the glassy-eyed behavior of the youngsters has so alarmed many parents that they have resorted to illegal kidnappings and "deprogrammings" to retrieve their offspring. The best known of the deprogrammers is Ted Patrick, 45, an ex-middleweight fighter and onetime community relations aide for Governor Ronald Reagan in California. Patrick claims to have rescued 1,000 youths from the Unification Church and other cults. Mrs. Jenetta French of Greensboro, N.C., who has "lost" two daughters to Moon, described how Ronda, a former airline stewardess,

behaved when Patrick was trying to deprogram her. "She was very childlike. In the car she would sing to drown out what you were saying to her. When Patrick tried to talk to her, she hummed, put her fingers in her ears, hid behind a piece of paper, anything to keep from listening." Eventually Ronda went back to Moon.

Parents in France, West Germany and other countries are also alarmed. After Mikio Goto, 19, dropped out of college and started peddling ginseng tea on Tokyo streets for Master Moon, his father formed an association of victims' parents, kidnapped his son, and "brainwashed him out of insanity."

Blood Cleansing. The Pied Piper of this international youth brigade was born into a Presbyterian family in Chongju-Gun, in northern Korea. He attended a pentecostal church, and on Easter Sunday of 1936, he reports, Jesus appeared and told him to carry out his unfinished task by completing man's salvation. Moon got married in 1944 but left his pregnant wife behind in Seoul to go to preach in the north. There, in 1948, he was imprisoned.

According to a former North Korean army officer who was in prison with him at the time, Moon received a seven-year sentence because he had contributed to "social disorder": he had been proclaiming the imminent coming of the second Messiah in Korea. When the Chinese pushed the U.N. troops out of



THE U.S.

The Secret Sayings Of 'Master' Moon

Although Sun Myung Moon sometimes appears to be a Christian evangelist, he is in actuality the megalomaniacal "messiah" of a new religion. Excerpts from speeches that "Master" Moon has given to disciples in the inner sanctum of his cult:

MOON ON MOON: He [God] is living in me and I am the incarnation of Himself.

The whole world is in my hand, and I will conquer and subjugate the world.

MOONISM v. CHRISTIANITY: God is now throwing Christianity away and is now establishing a new religion, and this new religion is Unification Church.

All the Christians in the world are destined to be absorbed by our movement.

There have been saints, prophets, many religious leaders ... in past human history ... Master here is more than any of those people and greater than Jesus himself.

OBEYING MOON: I am a thinker, I am your brain.

When you join the effort with me, you can do everything in utter obedience to me. Because what I am doing is



STANLEY J. JARVIS



SUN MYUNG MOON AT RALLY

not done at random but what I am doing is under God's command.

There is no complaint, objection against anything being done here until we will have established the Kingdom of God on earth up until the very end! There can never be any complaint!

I want to have the members under me who will be willing to obey me even though they may have to disobey their own parents and the Presidents of their own nations. And if I gain half the pop-

ulation of the world, I can turn the whole world upside down.

LIFE WITH FATHER MOON: You must start over again your new life, from that point denying your past families, friends, neighbors and relatives.

You must keep yourselves pure. If you may have to be stained in some way or another, it is better for you to kill yourselves than to remain alive.

In restoring man from evil sovereignty, we must cheat.

FUTURE PLANS: Once our movement arouses the interest of the people in a nation, through mass media it will spread all throughout the world ... So, we are going to focus our attention on one nation from where to reach the world. For that purpose I chose the U.S.

The present U.N. must be annihilated by our power. That is the stage for the Communists. We must make a new U.N.

If the U.S. continues its corruption, and we find among the Senators and Congressmen no one really usable for our purposes, we can make Senators and Congressmen out of our members ... I have met many famous, so-called famous, Senators and Congressmen; but to my eyes, they are just nothing. They are weak and helpless. We will win the battle. This is our dream, our project. But shut your mouth tight.

RELIGION

North Korea in 1950, Moon fled to the south and later started a church in Seoul. In those days, say early members of the sect, ritual sex characterized the Moon communes. Since Moon was a pure man, sex with him ("blood cleansing") was supposed to purify both body and soul, and marriages of other cultists were in fact invalid until the wives slept with Moon. As the cult became bigger, the blood-cleansing rites were abandoned, but today Moon arranges his disciples' marriages, and after a mass wedding ceremony in Seoul in 1970 enjoined 1,500 newlyweds from sex for 40 days.

Over the years, beginning in the '50s, Moon wrote and rewrote the *Divine Principle*. According to him, Jesus was supposed to marry an ideal wife and begin the "perfect family." He failed in this endeavor because he was crucified by his own people. For this reason

Jews suffer from "collective sin."

Since Jesus failed, a new Messiah must come to complete the task of building the "perfect family." According to *Divine Principle*, the time for this "Lord of the Second Advent" to be born was right after World War I, and the place, Korea.

Thinking Big. Moon's notoriety and success are causing him trouble. In February, Kansas Senator Robert Dole held a meeting of 400 people from 30 states to discuss the Unification Church before representatives of various federal agencies such as the Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Labor. Other Washington hearings on the cult's activities are being scheduled. Since some government officials believe there are extremely close ties between the Moonies, the Korean CIA and the Park regime, such investigations plus Moon's

often unsavory publicity may build up enough resistance in Congress to be reflected in votes against aid to South Korea. As a result of the recent furor, there are indications that Moon's high-level support at home considers him a political liability.

Fervent Moon disciples merely compare their setbacks and the antagonism they encounter to the persecution of Christ, and their leaders are far from discouraged. Unfazed by the halfhearted turnout at Yankee Stadium, they plan another, even more ambitious Bicentennial rally in Washington, D.C. this fall, and as for real estate, they continue to think big. Last week the U.S. leader of the Unification Church, Neil Salonen, declared: "It is our view that the first and the best of things should be dedicated to God." Next major projected purchase: the Empire State Building.

To Another Planet—and Back

Cynthia Slaughter was 24, not long out of the University of Texas at Austin, when she fell under the sway of the Moon cult. After two months, she was deprogrammed by Ted Patrick last September, and now frequently speaks out against Moon. She wrote this account of her experience for TIME.

A blind advertisement in the Denver Post read: "Sincere, conscientious person interested in the betterment of mankind call this number..." Out of curiosity I called, and the young woman who answered explained that she worked for an organization similar to the Peace Corps that operated out of a community center in Boulder. She asked me to come for an interview.

The center was located across from the University of Colorado in an old Chi Omega sorority house. I talked with a young man from Austria named Lorenz Würrer. He said that he belonged to a youth movement and asked me if I'd like to come to a weekend retreat to learn more about it. I really liked the atmosphere in the place. Little did I know that my mind had begun a journey from which it might never return.

Starting at 9 a.m. on Saturday, a group of about 15 of us heard lectures lasting all day long. That night we were told that the end of the world was at hand, but before this, the Second Coming of Christ would occur. We were also told that the person who had brought these new truths to the world was Sun Myung Moon, a Korean. When I wanted to leave, I was told that Satan would try to pull me away from God because I had been chosen to build the kingdom of heaven. I felt that someone had placed a psychological bomb on my head, and if I left it would explode.

That week I was driven to spend a

few days on a farm in Noble, Okla. We heard lectures every day, then worked and sang in the yard. We all ended up the week by joining, then went back to our own centers. When I arrived in Boulder, I was allowed to go into the Prayer Room to see Moon's picture. We prayed out loud for 20 minutes, heard a leader read from Moon's works, sang songs, then bowed before Moon's picture, saying, "Good morning, true parents" (Moon and his wife, we were taught, are the true parents of mankind).

The schedule was always the same: up at 6:30, prayer meeting, breakfast with more songs and prayers, then fund raising. We all went in a van together

to the towns around Boulder, singing and praying. Even if we could only wrangle a penny from someone, it was a victory for God. The more money we raised the more God-centered we were. We even had to go to bars at night to raise money, arriving home anywhere from 11 o'clock to 1:30 a.m. After two weeks of this I was so tired that, as I arose in the morning, I would fall against the wall. In five weeks of fund raising, I made \$3,000 for the organization.

At the end of August I had to return home to handle some unfinished business. The day after I arrived, we were eating breakfast when the doorbell rang. Suddenly a black man entered the room and introduced himself as Ted Patrick. The church had warned us that Patrick kidnapped people, gagged, beat them and tried to "deprogram" them.

Patrick and I argued and yelled at each other for eight hours. He showed me documents from Korea about Moon, and played tapes from other deprogrammed Unification members. He asked if I would kill for Moon. I said, "Yes, if he asked me to," although I had never thought of this before.

What finally affected me was a Bible passage that Patrick read to me: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." As I started to think, I felt as though a light had been turned on in the room and a burden lifted from my shoulders. I really was free.

The months that followed were hard. Adjusting to the outside world again was like arriving on another planet. Driving my car, balancing my checkbook, watching TV and reading books besides Moon's *Divine Principle* were strange. It took a long time to fill the vacuum that had been created inside me. It was like withdrawing from a drug. Since then, I have met many others who have left the movement with the fear and guilt I experienced; their stories are almost identical to mine.

EX-MOONIE CYNTHIA SLAUGHTER



PHOTO BY GARY

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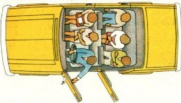
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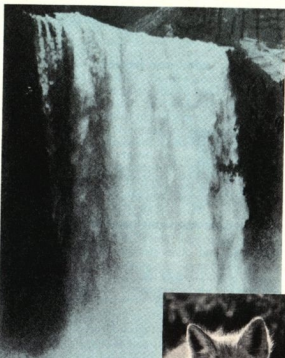
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And because you're making more and more calls every day, we've created entirely new communication systems.

Like our latest electronic switching machine that will provide you with even faster, more reliable service by routing more than

550,000 long distance calls an hour.

Actually, nearly half the things Western Electric will make this year didn't exist just five years ago. (Even the standard telephone that you probably think never changes has had virtually every major part improved since 1972.)



We've been making Bell telephone equipment since 1879.

Improvements like these don't just happen.

The Bell System invests more than 750 million dollars

a year in research and development to meet your communication needs reliably and economically.

Which is why America has the best telecommunications system in the world.

One Bell System.

It works. And we're part of it.



 **Western Electric**

AUTOS

Back to 'More Car per Car'

That familiar economic harbinger, the open-walleted American tire-kicker, a year ago seemed on the way to extinction. But this spring the species is flocking into auto showrooms in greater numbers than almost anyone had expected. Industry figures released last week showed that May sales rose 37% over a year earlier, and automakers are scheduling for June the heaviest production in 30 months.

The continued surge has surprised even Detroit's inveterate optimists. Late last year, when the industry was just beginning to grope its way out of its worst slump since the 1930s, General Motors Chairman Thomas Murphy guessed that 1976 sales, including imports, might rise to 10,250,000 cars. Since then, he has raised his forecast to "at least 10,500,000." Other auto executives foresee sales of 10,600,000 this year. Either prediction would place 1976 far above 1975's dismal sales of 8,600,000 and make this year the industry's third best ever (the record is 11,350,000 cars sold in 1973).

The new boom has already wiped out most vestiges of the deep downturn that hit the industry about the time of the Arab oil embargo in late 1973. At the bottom of the slide early last year, about one-fifth of the industry's work force—some 273,000 assemblers, draftsmen, accountants, middle managers—were out of work. Now auto joblessness is down to 30,000 and still dropping. Even so, the industry cannot produce the most popular models fast enough to satisfy demand. Inventories that for

some makes hit a 150-day supply in early 1975 are now down to an average of 52 days, well below the 60- to 70-day supply automakers like to maintain; some '76 models already are becoming scarce.

Bourke's Law. While a sales rebound some day was inevitable—car purchase can be postponed, but not forever—the shape as well as the strength of the comeback has caught Detroit off guard. The main reason for the upswing seems to be that buyers are shedding their recession-bred fear of spending. Now that the inflation rate is dropping (see box) and "real" incomes are rising, Americans are reverting to an old habit. As Ford Executive Vice President William Bourke puts it, "They often buy 'as much car' as their budgets allow, and 1976 budgets allow a greater mix of higher-priced cars than last year."

Bourke's law explains the big surprise of 1976: the sales flop of the once-vaunted subcompacts. Detroit invested heavily in these small, \$2,900-to-\$3,400 cars as an answer to the import threat. Imports have indeed been suffering this year; their share of the U.S. auto market, more than 18% last year, has skidded below 14% so far in 1976. But the foreign makes have been hurt more by their own rising price tags than by any bumper-to-bumper competition from their U.S. rivals. American subcompacts, which captured 10% of the U.S. auto market following the 1973 oil crisis, are down to 7.1% today.

Luxury cars, including Cadillacs, Lincolns and Chrysler New Yorkers, are



SOME HOT SELLERS, FROM TOP: PLYMOUTH VOLARE, DODGE ASPEN, OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS, FORD GRANADA, FORD PICKUP

More Jobs and Less Inflation

The most winning of all economic combinations is more jobs and less inflation—and that was exactly what the nation achieved in May. The unemployment rate dropped to 7.3% from 7.5% in April; the wholesale price index rose at a moderate annual rate of 3.7%, v. 10% the month before. President Ford hailed the news as "extremely significant" and predicted that it would help him best Ronald Reagan in this week's primaries. Even Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin greeted the figures as "unadulterated good news."

Unemployment dropped most sharply among adult women; their jobless rate fell a half-point, to 6.8%. Recovery began in hard-goods industries, where most workers are men; now the industries with largely female work forces are starting to catch up. The number of people who have jobs rose by 300,000 in May to a record 87.7 million; the number of unemployed fell 180,000 to 6.9 million. There are now 3.6 million more people at work, and 1.4 million fewer jobless, than at the bottom of the recession in early 1975.

The wholesale price index stayed about flat in early 1976 before jumping up in April. The May figures indicate that that leap was an aberration. Food prices went up much less in May than in April; industrial commodity prices rose hardly at all. A better guide to the rate at which inflation is subsiding is a comparison over a longer period: during the past twelve months the wholesale price index has risen only a rather modest 5%.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

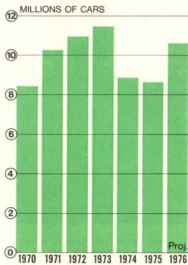
selling briskly. And now that gasoline prices have leveled off, at least temporarily, some full-size models, among them the \$6,500 Buick Electra, are regaining favor with family buyers. But the big winners so far are the fancier compacts and small, sporty cars that promise buyers both economy and plenty of options and pizzazz.

Back to the Black. So far, the big winner from the U.S. motorists' post-recession tendency to buy small—or at least smaller—and spend big has been General Motors. Its rise in sales this year of some 622,000 cars has been larger than the increases at all the other automakers combined. Among GM's leaders: the Chevrolet Monte Carlo and the Pontiac Grand Prix, both carrying base prices of \$4,600 to \$5,200, and its compact Chevy Nova and Oldsmobile Cutlass, which lists at \$4,500 and has been the industry's top seller for two years running.

Ford's high flyers are its mid-sized Granada and Lincoln Mercury Monarch models. At Chrysler, which has rebounded smartly into the black this year after losing \$260 million in 1975, the sales stars are the mid-sized Cordoba and the popular new Aspen and Volare compacts. All of the Big Three are also getting a substantial lift from surging sales of vans and pickup trucks, which are up 40% this year, mostly because of their popularity in what some auto executives describe as the "blue denim" market. Says Chrysler Executive Vice President Richard K. Brown: "They used to be just work vehicles. Now they are among the most popular forms of modified, personalized transportation." At still-struggling American Motors Corp., rising sales of Jeeps, another favorite of the blue-denim crowd, are the

U.S. NEW CAR SALES

INCLUDING IMPORTS



UNION PRESIDENT BOMMARITO URGING BOYCOTT OF FIRESTONE AT RALLY IN AKRON
Some cars lack spare tires, but the assembly lines still run flat out.

company's main hope of staying in the black this year after heavy losses in 1975.

Despite the poor showing of the subcompacts, Detroit must steadily trim car size and weight if it is to meet a congressionally imposed gas economy standard of 27.5 miles per gallon by 1985 (v. an average of 17.6 m.p.g. for the 1976s). GM plans to introduce smaller, more fuel-efficient versions of its heavy standard-sized models this fall. Chrysler is currently offering a Japanese-made subcompact called the Plymouth Arrow and intends to produce its own domestically built subcompact next year. Whether or not American motorists can ever learn to love them, smaller cars appear to be firmly in their future.

LABOR

No Squeeze on Rubber

In late April, 60,000 members of the United Rubber Workers walked off their jobs at plants of the industry's Big Four (Firestone, Uniroyal, Goodyear and Goodrich), starting what had been billed as the big labor showdown of 1976. By June 1, according to most assessments, the walkout should have begun to put a serious crimp in the nation's recovery from its worst post-World War II recession. Instead, as it enters its seventh week, the strike has been only a minor annoyance, and the nation's response seems to be one big yawn.

Instead of closing assembly lines around now, as had been expected, automakers have discovered that they have a large enough inventory of tires to keep running flat out at least through June. To be sure, they are shipping some cars with only four tires each (no spare for the unlucky driver who gets a flat). But some motorists have been able to get spares from auto dealers who carry stockpiles of tires, and the automakers promise that every buyer will get a fifth tire eventually.

Some shortages of tires for trucks and farm equipment are appearing. Nonetheless, the National Tire Dealers and Retreaders Association, representing 5,000 tire dealers round the country, reports that its members are still

generally well stocked. The union has tried to promote a worldwide boycott of Firestone products. "What boycott?" asks a Firestone store employee in Michigan. And in fact in Akron, where 11,000 of the 60,000 strikers live, only 1,000 showed up for a recent boycott rally.

The Ford Administration, anxious to keep long strikes from disrupting the recovery, is keeping a nervous eye on the rubber situation. Yet mediators have not seen fit to call round-the-clock negotiations, let alone recommend that the Administration ask for a Taft-Hartley Act injunction that would stop the strike for 80 days. Such injunctions are permitted legally only if a strike damages the national "health and safety" and, says one federal official, "we would have a hell of a time making a case" for an injunction.

Indeed, the people hurt worst by the strike so far seem to be the strikers themselves. The union's strike fund has run out. At a U.R.W. meeting in Chicago two weeks ago, union directors decided not even to ask for a special assessment on nonstriking members to provide some benefits for workers who might hit the bricks later at other companies. That letdown illustrates a major reason why the strike has had no impact: dissension within the union. Some 40% to 45% of the nation's tire production continues, partly because General Tire & Rubber Co. is not on strike. When U.R.W. President Peter Bommarito asked the General Tire local in Akron to join the walkout, the local refused.

Long and Bitter. None of this means that the strike should not be taken seriously. The rubber workers, who now average \$5.50 an hour, are seeking an extra \$1.65 to bring them up to the present standard of auto workers. Besides that, they want an unlimited cost-of-living adjustment provision to keep wages from being eroded by inflation. And they seem determined to hold out until their strike hurts, as it eventually will. Their walkout highlights a severe problem for the whole nation: even in a basic industry, it takes a very long and bitter strike to get results, but unless inflation can be brought demonstrably under control, such strikes are exactly what can be expected.

A man in a light blue suit is leaning over a large fish tank. He has a cigarette in his mouth and is looking intently at the fish. In the background, another man is visible, holding a small container with a fish inside. The tank is filled with various goldfish and koi, some red, some white, and some orange. There are also some green plants and rocks in the tank. A price tag is visible on the left side of the tank, showing prices for different types of fish.

Oh, the disadvantages of our long cigarette.

Benson & Hedges 100's

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method.
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Nov. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Regular and Menthol
in soft and hard pack



PHOTOGRAPH BY FOTIADES—FALKENSTEEN

Two technologies help nail down your ideas...on paper.

The complex technologies of Man and Nature work together in different ways to bring you a medium for effective communications. Nature provides the renewable resource... trees, which Man's technology converts to paper.

Your business communications should begin with a fine quality enamel paper made by Consolidated... the only major specialist in coated printing papers. Where the specialized experience of 4000 men and women is blended with

modern papermaking technology to produce over 1300 tons of fine quality enamel papers each day.

To see how a Consolidated Enamel Paper can improve the quality of your printed materials, ask your printer to obtain free test sheets from his Consolidated Merchant. Then run them with your next printing order and compare the difference a specialist can make.

Before that happens, let us send you convincing proof with a print quality

demonstration of one of our quality papers—Centura Offset Enamel. It's one way to nail down your ideas of printing paper quality.



the Specialist in enamel printing papers
Consolidated Papers, Inc. • General Offices: Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

chequer Denis Healey had little choice but to steel their nerves and let the drop in the pound run its course.

To brake sterling's slide through March and April, the Bank of England used up \$2 billion in reserves, then borrowed from the International Monetary Fund in May. Almost certainly, further borrowings would only be available in return for a program of stringent cuts in government spending. Yet spending cuts would jeopardize the key element in the Labor government's strategy to pull Britain back from its economic abyss: an agreement by the leadership of the Trades Union Congress to hold wage increases to 4½% (\$4.61 on an average worker's salary) beginning Aug. 1 (TIME, May 10). In return, Healey offered a significant income tax break for lower-income workers.

Wage Restraint. The 11 million members of the T.U.C.'s constituent unions will vote next week to ratify or reject that agreement and, as Healey bluntly put it, more severe welfare cuts than he has already planned could "bust the relationship between the unions and the government." With minimal fanfare, in order to avoid upsetting the unions, the government has already put a tighter rein on municipal welfare spending, cut a scheduled pension raise by one-third, and indefinitely postponed a new child-benefit scheme. But Healey turned aside demands from the opposition Conservatives for more sweeping cutbacks with an admonishment that "the most important thing is not to panic and lose our nerve." More accustomed than most finance ministers to the uses of adversity, Healey was plainly counting on the slipping pound to help secure a resounding union vote for continuing voluntary wage restraint.

ENERGY

"Somebody Cheated"

If the consortium that is building the \$7 billion, 800-mile Alaska pipeline began pumping through it now, the chances are that the oil would eventually leak all over the tundra and the pristine mountains along the pipeline's path. For some time this possibility has been a matter of quiet but earnest concern among oilmen and federal officials, who are faced with what may be the biggest problem yet to hit the trouble-plagued project. An urgent audit carried out by the eight-company pipeline consortium, which includes Exxon, Atlantic Richfield and British Petroleum, has revealed 3,955 "problem welds" in the pipeline, which is still only half completed. If Washington decides that the trouble is serious enough to require a major inspection and repair job, it could cost the oil companies as much as \$60 million and prevent the opening of the vital project on schedule in mid-1977.

The problem was sloppy welding and shoddy inspection—and apparently attempts to cover them up—in a 144-mile stretch of the pipeline between the Yukon River and a point south of Fairbanks. Ketchbaw Industries, a Houston firm, had a subcontract to perform X-ray tests of the welding; those tests had been required to reduce chances of a serious oil spill. Last year a Ketchbaw employee charged that there had been falsification of some tests. The pipeline consortium investigated the charges, decided that they had substance, and brought a suit against Ketchbaw. Ketchbaw denies falsification and has filed a countersuit.

Specifically, the pipeline consortium



"I'm a bloody endangered species, I am."

BRITAIN

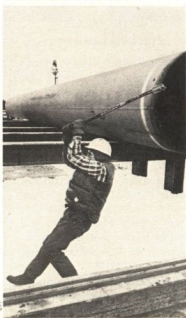
Test of Nerve

The British have many sterling qualities, but right now sterling is not one of them. Just four months ago the pound was worth \$2.02. Last week sterling tumbled no less than four cents against the dollar in a matter of a few hours. It dipped to a historic low of \$1.705 before recovering its shaky moorings and closing at \$1.716.

British officials called the fall an "erratic fluctuation." That view may be overly sanguine, but there was indeed no evidence, for the moment at any rate, of a massive flight from sterling. Yet the sudden plunge left no doubt about just how vulnerable the buffeted pound is to the gusts of the marketplace. The slide was touched off when Swiss banks, anticipating new import controls on foreign capital moving into Switzerland, converted sterling into the solid security of Swiss francs. Even this light selling wave was enough to tip the pound into its tailspin. Said one London currency dealer gloomily: "It's not so much that people are selling pounds. Nobody wants to buy."

While a cheaper pound lowers the price of British goods in world markets, and thus provides an incentive to lagging British industry, it also fuels inflation by raising the cost of imported food and raw materials. One official calculation is that each drop of 4% in the exchange rate of sterling adds 1% to domestic inflation, thus threatening the recent improvement (the rate has dropped 6.6 points in the last six months, to an annual pace of 13%). Still, once the spin began, Prime Minister James Callaghan and his Chancellor of the Ex-

WRESTLING PIPE IN STORAGE YARD



CONSTRUCTION NEAR TONSINA, ALASKA



Conrail.

How it plans to turn a losing proposition into a profitable business.

On April 1, six struggling railroads became a single, more efficient railroad.

Purpose: to give customers first-class service and become self-supporting.

It's not going to be easy. But we do have a better way to run a railroad.

CONRAIL started business on the heels of an economic disaster. The six railroads we took over were all bankrupt.

Service was often slow and inefficient. Shippers were being hurt. And ultimately, so were consumers, since transportation charges are part of a product's price.

Our job is to turn that situation around—provide fast, efficient service and earn a profit, operating what used to be the Penn Central, Lehigh Valley, Central of New Jersey, Reading, Lehigh & Hudson River, and Erie Lackawanna Railroads.

But why should we succeed when these railroads failed?

An emphasis on freight

Working under contract to various agencies, Conrail provides tracks as well as operating personnel for certain passenger trains.

But our main business is hauling freight. That makes us different from Amtrak, which is responsible for intercity passenger service.

The distinction is important. The way things are today, it is practically impossible to earn a profit



*We've got what it takes.
The money, the people, and the will.*

on rail passenger service. Hauling freight is different. A railroad can make money doing that if it runs efficiently and offers good service.

That's exactly what we intend to do. A big chunk of America is counting on us. Our 17,000 miles of track service an area with 100 million people and 55 percent of America's manufacturing plants.

Old problems attacked head on

The legislation that created Conrail specifically attacks the major problems that caused the bankrupt railroads to fail:

- **Billions to improve roadbeds and equipment.** The bankrupt railroads didn't have enough capital to maintain their facilities, so they kept losing customers. In contrast, Conrail has \$2.1 billion in new capital—a Federal investment that we are legally obligated to pay back. We'll use that (plus more billions from Conrail revenues) to give better service.

- **Unprofitable lines no longer a burden.** The bankrupt railroads had losses from commuter lines

and unprofitable freight lines. Conrail will either drop such lines or be compensated for the difference between revenues and cost.

- **Support from the unions.** The unions want Conrail to succeed, and have already agreed to more flexibility in assigning employees.

Better service to customers

From Day One, we've had faster run-through service. Example:

We've lopped 14 hours off some shipments from New York to Chicago.

We've cut the number of people that shippers have to deal with.

We've also got a huge data processing operation. Which means we can tell a customer, within minutes, exactly where his cars are. At any time. Any day of the week.

A better way to run a railroad

We've got a lot going for us.

Better use of cars, plus other efficiencies, should bring our cost savings to about \$300 million by 1980. Basic growth in freight volume should bring us additional revenues of \$341.5 million by 1985.

On that basis, our objective is to start making a profit by 1980.

We aren't promising to offset decades of neglect overnight.

But we do have a better way to run a railroad.



alleged that about 10% of the 30,800 welds were questionable, and that X rays of 895 were "falsified," inadequate or nonexistent. Yet the consortium says that only 28 of the welds are actually defective and need to be repaired, which might cost up to \$10 million but would not delay the pipeline's opening. The companies concede that more than 1,000 welds need further study to see if they pose any environmental danger. To inspect all the welds would postpone the opening of the line for many months.

Recently, oil company executives were summoned to Washington to discuss the great pipeline snafu. Interior officials are blunt about the cause. As one told TIME Correspondent Jerry Hanelin, "Somebody cheated. It's a big mess." Beyond the 28 welds known to be defective, Interior officials are concerned that another 1,750 might fall short of federal standards for the Arctic, where winter temperatures can drop to -50° F.

What to do about the problem welds? The original requirements for inspection of all welds were unusually stiff. Normally, only 20% of joints are required to be inspected, even in natural gas lines that run through populated areas. But the Ford Administration would find it hard to modify its standards, however tough, in an election year in which environmentalists are vociferous. Relaxing the Alaska pipeline standards, one Interior official concedes, "would be tough. Interior held forth to Congress, to God and everybody that we'd stick with those stipulations."

TYCOONS

American Original

Jean Paul Getty was one of a not-yet-vanished American breed, the lone wolf operator who, through cunning, luck and a sharp sense of timing, builds vast wealth and a far-flung business colossus almost singlehandedly. "If I were starting again," he liked to tell visitors at Sutton Place, his 16th century estate outside London, "I'd do it the same way—exploring, wildcatting. If you hit it you get rich. If you don't you go broke."

Getty hit it. When he died last week at 83, after a long illness, his fortune, built mostly around his majority interest in Los Angeles-based Getty Oil Co., stood at more than \$1 billion. Like that other billionaire loner, the late Howard Hughes, Getty started out with inherited wealth. But he was certainly less like Hughes, the eccentric playboy-pilot, than like the original Mellons and Rockefellers, a crusty, supremely self-disciplined original who determinedly set out to build a business empire—and succeeded even beyond his own expectations.

He lived a life of contradictions. He traveled widely, but feared flying. He was a confidant of the rich, and a life-long miser. Early in his career, he typically operated out of hotel suites, carrying business documents along with

him in string-tied boxes. When he decided to make Sutton Place his "liaison center" in 1959, he decorated it with old masters from his huge collection, which includes a museum in Malibu, Calif., containing works worth \$200 million; but he also cut back the Sutton Place gardening staff and had a pay telephone installed for his visitors' use. Said Getty: "My friends will understand, and, as for the spongers, well, I just don't care." Three years ago, when Italian gangsters kidnapped his grandson, Getty refused to pay ransom; the kidnapers cut off the boy's ear.

Heavy shouldered and seemingly taller than his 5 ft. 10 in., he drank little, exercised religiously and was partial to health food and pretty women. He was contemptuous of ordinary businessmen, including those who worked for him. Once, when a Getty executive ventured a suggestion, Getty dismissed it abruptly, saying that he was not about

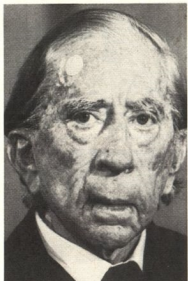
to also accumulate—and discard—wives. By the time his father died in 1930, he had married his third wife (he was eventually to have five, by whom he sired five sons). His Christian Scientist father, who had earlier sold his son a one-third interest in George F. Getty Inc. for \$1,000,000, showed his disapproval by willing Paul only \$500,000 of his \$10 million estate, leaving the rest to his wife. Undeterred, Paul used his own growing millions to invest in oil company stocks during the Depression, when they were bargains. Though he and his mother first quarreled over his father's fortune and she kept a close hold on the money, she later relented and gave Paul control of the company.

Paul then set his eye on one of the giants of U.S. oil: Tidewater Oil Co., with assets of \$192 million. After a long battle with Tidewater management and Standard Oil (New Jersey), which dominated Tidewater, Getty by 1937 had won control of Mission Corp., a holding company with substantial shares in Tidewater and Skelly Oil (Getty did not win numerical control of Tidewater until 1951). During World War II, he ran Tulsa's Spartan Aircraft Co., a Skelly subsidiary, forcing supervisors to sit behind a huge eight-ball if they did not meet production schedules.

The real foundation for Getty's wealth was laid in 1949, when he outbid rivals and won (for \$9,500,000 and royalties of \$1,000,000 a year for three years) the oil rights to Saudi Arabia's 50% interest in the Neutral Zone, a barren 2,500 sq. mile tract that the Saudis owned jointly with Kuwait. For three years the Getty leases produced no oil, but in the fourth Getty struck it rich. By 1955, his wells were producing more than 4,000,000 bbls. of oil a year. Today, they are the chief source of oil for Getty's petrochemical complex, which includes the original Getty Oil Company (of which Getty owned 64.8%), the Mission Corp. (88%) and Skelly Oil (owned 72.5% by Mission).

Over the years, through mergers and acquisitions, Getty picked up other companies, and some critics say that what he built was a hedgepodge that never became fully integrated like the major oil companies. Such criticism did not bother Getty. He was unique among oilmen—and other company heads, for that matter—in keeping almost total personal control of his empire; indeed he put in long working days at Sutton Place almost up to his death.

Getty's three living sons have been involved in the business and could be in the running for important roles; some Getty watchers speculate that J.P.'s successor as Getty Oil president might be Norris Bramlett, 59, Getty's administrative assistant since 1968. Most of Getty's fortune, which he kept mainly in Getty Oil stock, will apparently be given to charities, under a will said to have been prepared years ago. Unlike Howard Hughes, Jean Paul Getty was surely too careful to leave the future of his creation to chance and the courts.



OIL BILLIONAIRE JEAN PAUL GETTY
A crusty, self-disciplined original.

to listen to "a goddamned office boy." Modern corporate managers, he scoffed, were no more than "promoted clerks, engineers, salesmen."

Getty got a good start toward his fortune, but it was his own drive and peculiar genius that elevated him to the ranks of the world's wealthiest. The son of a prosperous Minneapolis lawyer who decided to wildcat for oil in Oklahoma (then Indian Territory) in 1903, Jean Paul spent two years at the University of California and another two years at Oxford before he reported to work in his father's firm. By that time, buoyed by a lucky early strike, George F. Getty had made several million and formed a thriving company. With his father's backing, Jean Paul at 21 began buying and selling oil leases. He made \$40,000 the first year, and cleared his first million by the time he was 23. The steady accumulation of wealth was not to falter for the rest of his life.



HIROHITO PLANTING RICE

With shirtsleeves rolled up and rubber boots protecting his feet, the grey-haired man bent like a peasant to the task of planting rice shoots in the flooded paddy. That might seem plebeian labor for an emperor, but **Hirohito** of Japan, 75, has always shown deep sympathy for the farming millions of his subjects, and made it a royal duty to take a personal part in opening the rice-planting season. Come fall, the monarch will return to the same paddy in the imperial palace compound and harvest a crop of about 300 lbs., part of it destined for the Ise Grand Shrines as an offering to the sun goddess Amaterasu.

Members of the British royal family rarely give interviews, least of all to publications that are handed out free on airplanes. But there she is, **Princess Anne**, in the current issue of *High Life*, British Airways' freebie magazine. Turns out that Anne does not take offense at reporters' endless attentions—even, she says, "those fantastically inventive articles they print in France or Germany, which are so hilarious that no one could take them seriously." She likes to travel, but sightseeing is "purgatory" because "you seldom see anything—either too many people or too many press." With her husband **Mark Phillips**, she enjoyed visiting the U.S. in 1975, "but always in someone's private house or garden. They [the Americans] were very generous—or, to use an old-fashioned word, discreet." However, what she dislikes most,



PRINCESS ANNE BESECHING HER MOUNT AT WINDSOR HORSE TRIALS IN ENGLAND



BISSET & ONASSIS: THE STORY OF A TYCOON, BUT IT'S ONLY A FICTION

says Britain's reigning princess, is being watched "when I'm having the most awful row with my horse."

For openers, they look like a winning pair of Jackies, one the actress, the other the Onassis. **Jacqueline Bisset**, 31, having signed up to portray someone very like **Jacqueline Onassis**, 46, in a European-made movie, *The Greek Tycoon*, confessed to reporters that she did not know much about the deal other than that 1) she was "moved after reading the script," and 2) "It's not the greatest role in the world." She may have second thoughts, since the tycoon will be played by that world-famous non-Greek, **Anthony Quinn**.

Love letters by **Richard Nixon** to the wife of a Spanish diplomat? Even at a time when nothing about Nixonian Washington can instantly be denied out of hand, it seemed beyond belief. But high-powered Literary Agent **Scott Meredith**, whose nonliterary clients include Spiro Agnew and Judith Exner, claims he got an anonymous tip, was instructed to place a cryptic ad in the *Los Angeles Times*, then heard from a man who turned over 22 letters to the unnamed woman. Meredith added that two graphologists have verified the handwriting. Said he: "I'm not satisfied yet that they're authentic, but my instinct tells me they are." A San Clemente spokesman described it all as "a sordid hoax."



MOONCHILD NATALIE WOOD



ANN-MARGRET AS LADY BOOBY

London's *Daily Express* called her Wood Nymph, but **Natalie Wood**, consulting her astrological chart (Cancer), said she's a moonchild. Then the *Express* rolled out its fashion layout, in which Actress Wood, disdaining the nymphic and childish, opted for something very Capone-ish. After that, it was back to rehearsals for a TV special, with **Lord Olivier** playing Big Daddy and Natalie doing a feline *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

TIME, JUNE 14, 1976



LILLIAN MÜLLER CELEBRATES HER APPOINTMENT AS PLAYMATE '76 WITH HEFNER

Is it really true that *Playboy's* **Hugh Hefner** has another—er—companion? It seemed like only in 1969 that he declared: "I have found what I have been looking for . . . It's the first time I have ever been in love." That girl friend was Playmate **Barbi Benton**, then 19, who has stuck with Hef through thick and thick. Until now, that is. Barbi is still around, though the new object of Hef's defection is Playmate of the Year **Lillian Müller**, 21, who graces twelve pages in the June issue of *Playboy*. The Boss has so far issued no public statement on the matter, but *Playboy's* article says it all for him. "She is Brigitte. She is Gina. She is Sophia. She is Elke. She is Raquel . . ." She is, anyway, something else.

Another picaresque novel from the quill of Henry Fielding (1707-54), who gave the world *Tom Jones*, is going onto film. This one, directed by **Tony Richardson**, is called *Joseph Andrews*, and it features plenty of bloody fighting, bedroom mixups, orgies, assaults and other good solid family fare. The title character is a virtuous footman who is pursued by a wicked, wicked vixen named Lady Booby. **Ann-Margret** plays the bawdy beautiful who, among other chores, is called upon to shape up in the obligatory bath scene, filmed, appropriately, in Britain's ancient city of Bath.

Nothing is sacred. **Muhammad Ali** arrived at New York's renovated Yankee Stadium for the ceremonial signing of his contract to fight Ken Norton on Sept. 28. Standing at second base, Ali proved once again that he can take on anybody with only one tongue tied behind his back. "People keep asking me," he declared, "how I feel being in 'The House that Ruth Built.' What do they expect? They think my eyes ought to go wide and I say, 'Babe Ruth, he was a great man?' . . . Babe Ruth? Nobody ever heard the name in Casablanca."

To the end of his long life (almost 92 years), he kept on creating, and when he died in 1973, he left a treasure almost beyond measure. But it has now been officially counted and its value calculated. The total: 1,185 paintings, 7,089 drawings, 1,228 sculptures, 3,222 ceramics, 1,723 engraved plates, 17,411 prints, 9,931 engravings, and numerous tapestries and carpets. The official estimate of the value of **Pablo Picasso's** own collection of Picassos: \$260 million. Additional value of his estate, which included two homes and two castles: \$750 million. But the billionaire also left behind a widow, three illegitimate children and two grandchildren, and the six heirs are now involved in litigation over how the estate should be divided.

For Backhand and Beforehand

Gussy Moran was just another pretty girl on the tennis circuit, but her fame has outlasted that of several great players because in 1949 she stepped onto Wimbledon's rich green court wearing frilly lace panties under her skirt. Virtually every newspaper in the western world picked up and ran a picture of Gussy's behind.

She liberated women on the court from severe, shapeless white uniforms. Now in the midst of a boom that continues to swell each year, the tennis industry is a billion-dollar business, double the figure for 1973. There are now 21 million tennis players over the age of 15 thwacking away in the U.S., and 40% of them are women. Says Alex Schuster, president of Head Ski and Sports Wear, one of the largest manufacturers of tennis outfits: "In the last three years tennis has accelerated like no other sport. It has come out of the tennis club and onto the public courts."

Some of the more conservative clubs, including about 70% of those in New York's Westchester County, still insist on a whites-must-be-worn policy. But there are now 150,000 tennis courts in the land, 10,000 of them built just last year. At almost all of them the clothes in motion these days are brighter, sexier, easier on the spectator's eye and much more fun to design.

Women are buying an estimated \$100 million worth of clothing—not only dresses to play in but all sorts of center-court and *après-set* accessories. Warm-up suits are one of this season's hottest items (see color pages). Designers are always ready to rip off a homely, practical garment—the Levi, the overall, the Italian porter's stripes. Now the gray, drawstring-waist sweatsuit has been transformed into a zippy new costume to wear in a market or a bar as well as at the backboard.

Women are becoming as meticulous and sophisticated about how they look around a court as at a swimming pool. Says Schuster: "They want a costume that looks good. They want to look like the stars."

Television—particularly color television—has had an enormous influence on tennis fashion. The networks reasoned that if people had color sets they wanted to see the game in color. The blur of white on green was not enough. The line was broken in 1968 by some top young male pros who appeared on the circuit in different colors of shirts. For a while the sporting palette was vivid indeed. Now, though TV has a strong preference for color, the chic look is somewhat more subdued—pastels or white with colored trimming. "There's a festivity about the whites," notes Schuster. "It

reflects the club atmosphere and the affluence that goes with it."

Many women would like to look just like the restrained Chris Evert as well as to stroke like her. The fact is not lost on Chris. She travels with at least 20 different costumes plus matching hair ribbons and endorses her own line of outfits. "I like to talk to the real designers," she says, "and usually we agree. You know, flared skirts, sort of low necks, cute little tops or jackets with the skirt pattern repeated. It's neat."

Chris is not dressed by British Designer Ted Tinling, but she is one of the few top players he has not worked with. Tinling, 66, who was once a courtier in Paris, was present at the creation: it was he who designed Gussy's fancy pants. Now when he surveys the results of the revolution he began, he is not altogether happy. He coolly divides women tennis players into four categories. In Class A, of course, are the stars. He wishes he designed for Evert, but notes, "Anybody can dress a sugarplum fairy. The challenge is Margaret Court. She walks like the Queen of Sheba, but she plays like a gorilla. I have to bring out the Queen of Sheba in her."

Elite Uniform. In Class B are socialite matrons who want high fashion. "It all goes back to a motto we learned in Paris," muses Tinling: "There is no such thing as a fault, Madame, simply a characteristic." Class C, it seems, are "the club players, millions of them. They dress all wrong—skirts too short and pants too tight." Like most elitists, Tinling prefers the proletariat, "the public-park wives," whom he puts in Class D. "They buy out of a catalogue. The clothes are simple and direct."

There is little doubt that one of the simplest and most direct garments made, the warmup suit or sweatsuit, will be highly visible in the coming months. But the distance runner, who might work up a sweat just trying to get out of the old find-the-knot-in-the-drawstring model, may not recognize the glossy new suits. Wearers claim that they are more comfortable than blue jeans, and they are more flattering to most women. Along with modified riding pants, they are expected to be the most influential women's trousers for the fall. And not just for lounging around after skiing, either. Says Deedee Alexander, a buyer for Manhattan's trendy Henri Bendel: "There are some dressy suits that can be worn to the theater. We have them in black and strawberry velvet just for that." The summer Olympic Games will give the warmup suit free saturation promotion on television. After the Chanel suit and Gucci loafers, it may just be the next elite uniform to take off.



GUSSY MORAN IN HER FANCY PANTS

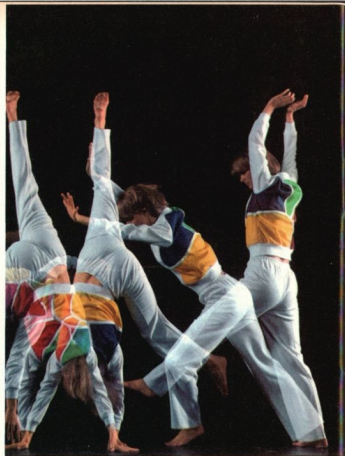
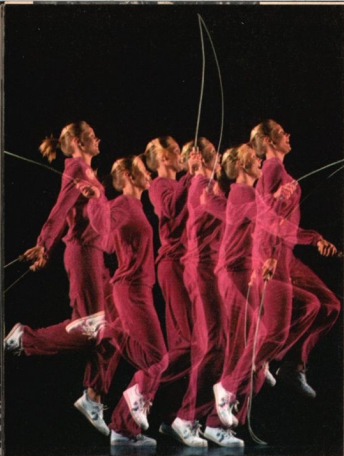




PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY PHILLIP LEONARD

A swiny shift for court bunnies (Tennis Lady) and a serious sweatsuit (Loomtogs)





Some gear to warm up with: top left, a raspberry jogging outfit (Bendel's Studio); top right, a multicolored "pursuit suit" (White Stag); below, a breezily impractical sleeveless jumpsuit (Ultrasport Ltd.)



Mouse Fever

At the height of the Korean War in 1951, hundreds of G.I.s were struck by a malady characterized by fever and bleeding from the mouth, nose and internal organs. Nothing medics did seemed to help. Most of the soldiers eventually recovered, and the mysterious ailment was later identified as epidemic hemorrhagic fever. But Army doctors were unable to find either the cause of the disease or how it was transmitted.

Now, after years of patient investigation supported by funds from the U.S. Army, a South Korean medical researcher may have solved the mystery of a disease that last year afflicted thousands of Asians, including at least 800 South Koreans. Dr. Lee Ho Wang says that the dangerous ailment is caused by an elusive virus borne by a tiny Korean field mouse that lives in mountainous areas. If Lee's discovery is confirmed, it should not only help doctors make a faster diagnosis of the disease but also pave the way for the development of a vaccine against it.

Russian doctors who wrote the first comprehensive reports on the disease—after a 1913 outbreak in Vladivostok—suspected a rodent-borne virus, but neither they nor later researchers were ever able to isolate the culprit. Lee himself made little progress until 1971, when a member of his team assigned to catch rodents for research was suddenly felled by hemorrhagic fever. The lab was immediately quarantined and work interrupted for several months, but the incident made Lee even more certain that the carrier was indeed a rodent. During seven years, the research team collected more than 2,400 mice and other rodents, examined countless human and animal organs and isolated no fewer than 16 unknown viruses.

Disease Agent. Finally, Lee made the crucial connection. He took viral material from a Korean subspecies of the mouse known as *Apodemus agrarius* and mixed it with blood serum from patients recuperating from hemorrhagic fever. The blood proved to contain antibodies—protective proteins developed by the body's immune system in response to invading foreign substances—that matched and combined with the viral material from the mouse. There were no such link-ups when Lee did the same with the blood of people who had never suffered from hemorrhagic fever. Thus the mouse virus was almost certainly the cause of the disease.

How is the disease transmitted? Because hemorrhagic fever peaks in May and October, the dry seasons in South Korea, Lee suspects the virus lives in the droppings of *Apodemus agrarius* and attacks humans when they stir up dust and inhale virus-laden particles.

Estrogen and Cancer

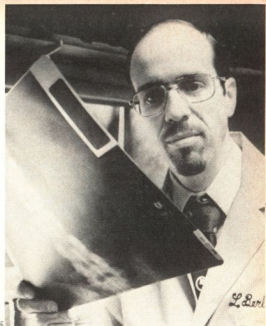
Menopause is a difficult time of life for many women. Brought on, usually between the ages of 40 and 50, primarily by a decrease in the production of estrogen, a hormone, it is accompanied by irritability, hot flashes, depression, marked physical changes, and the cessation of menstruation. Thus, since the 1950s, when doctors began to prescribe doses of estrogen that alleviated the effects of menopause, the treatment has become increasingly popular with millions of women. Between 1963 and 1973, for example, the dollar value of estrogen prescriptions increased nearly four times. But suspicion has been growing recently that estrogen treatment poses a significant risk for menopausal women; they apparently are more likely to develop cancer of the lining of the uterus.

Monthly Cycles. The probability of a causal relationship between estrogen and uterine cancer was strengthened last week by two reports in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. The first, a statistical study prepared by a team led by Dr. Noel Weiss of the University of Washington in Seattle, stated that between 1969 and 1973 the incidence of cancer of the uterus had generally increased from about 20% to 60%, depending on the geographical area surveyed, among middle-aged women. The magnitude of that increase, concluded the study, "has rarely been paralleled in the history of cancer reporting in this country." Added Weiss: "The important point is that it is unlikely that the disease is due to some characteristic of the women rather than the medicine they are taking."

The second study, conducted by Dr. Thomas Mack of the University of Southern California among women at a retirement community near Los Angeles, found that no drug other than estrogen was significantly associated with the disease. Mack also found that the chance of getting uterine cancer is about eight times as great among women who take estrogen during menopause, but he found that the risk was less if they used the drug in monthly cycles including four or more days without any dosage. In any event, he advised that when estrogens are prescribed, "they should be given at the lowest effective dose for the shortest possible time."

Berlin's Victory

An Illinois doctor last week won the most significant victory yet in the medical profession's counterattack on harassing malpractice suits. In Chicago, a circuit court jury awarded Radiologist Leonard Berlin \$8,000 in his counter-suit against a patient who had named



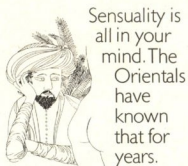
RADIOLOGIST LEONARD BERLIN
Putting lawyers on notice.

him in a \$250,000 malpractice suit.

The patient, Harriett Nathan, had come to the suburban Skokie Valley Community Hospital in October 1973 for treatment of a finger that she had injured while playing tennis. An X ray, taken under Dr. Berlin's supervision, failed to disclose a small fracture that was later located by another X ray. This prompted Nathan to file her quarter-million-dollar suit against Dr. Berlin, the hospital and the orthopedic surgeon who had treated her.

Berlin promptly countersued both Nathan and her lawyer husband, who helped her to bring the malpractice suit against him "without reasonable cause," and also sued her lawyers for filing the suit without proper investigation. When she subsequently dropped her suit, Berlin decided to press on. He admitted that the fracture had not shown up in the first X ray, but demonstrated that the treatment Nathan received was the same as that normally given for a fracture. That was enough to convince the jury, which deliberated only 15 minutes before giving Dr. Berlin \$2,000 in compensatory and \$6,000 in punitive damages. The award was directed not only against Nathan and her husband but also against her two attorneys.

Berlin's victory may well help to stem both the rising number of malpractice cases and the increasingly large awards, which have driven malpractice insurance costs beyond the reach of many doctors (*TIME*, March 24, 1975). The verdict, says Dr. Max Parrott, president of the American Medical Association, should "discourage the filing of frivolous, nonmeritorious cases against doctors" and "puts lawyers on notice that they are placing themselves in jeopardy if they do not adequately investigate a case before filing suit."



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Heavenly Body

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

Directed by NICOLAS ROEG

Screenplay by PAUL MAYERSBERG

Think of him, classically, as a magus, both a magician and a juggler. Nicolas Roeg is a film maker interested not only in working spells, but in finding new connections between themes and images, keeping ideas spinning in the air like small silver balls, letting them fall in patterns that seem random but are, in fact, precise.

Roeg has made three previous movies, all praised and argued: *Performance* (1970), *Walkabout* (1971) and *Don't Look Now* (1973). Wide popular success continues to elude him, however, perhaps because he is a director who challenges an audience continually. Roeg means to change, or at least radically modify, the way we watch and respond to movies. He was formerly a brilliant cinematographer (*Petulia*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*), and images retain primacy in the movies he has directed. He uses little dialogue, intending the meaning of a movie to come clear through what is seen and intuited, not what is spelled out.

In *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, his newest and least successful effort, there is little to spell out anyway. The movie is about equally dazzling and disappointing, but where it goes wrong is in substance, not in style. Roeg's exuberance and invention are compromised here by a yarn that carries dank traces of *Twilight Zone*.

Dying Planet. David Bowie, rock "n' roll's self-styled androgyne and master of weirdness, appears, true to form, as an android come to earth in search of water for his drought-ridden planet. He takes the name Thomas Jerome Newton, seeks out a patent attorney named Oliver Farnsworth (nicely played by Buck Henry) and shows him equations for some elementary inventions from his own world. These creations—like self-developing film in fully automatic cameras—become the foundation of a vast industrial empire run by Farnsworth, who is answerable only to the mysterious, reclusive Newton.

Newton remains part interstellar phantom, part earthbound Howard Hughes. He watches a dozen television sets at once. Newton is also a curiously vulnerable superbeing. He is intrigued by a Southwestern hotel clerk named Mary-Lou (Candy Clark), dogged by a curious scientist named Nathan Bryce (Rip Torn), whom he eventually hires and who betrays him. Newton plans to use his vast industrial resources to build a spacecraft that will return him to his dying planet, the tiny population of which will then be borne to earth. This



BOWIE IN *MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH*
Style over substance.

idea does not go down well on terra firma. People in high places feel threatened. Newton's mission is aborted; he is imprisoned, marooned, left to wander the earth like some unclassified space oddity.

The movie is pretty straightforward science fiction with a gloss of social commentary thrown in. This could have been all right: Roeg reworked similarly conventional Daphne du Maurier material into his best movie, *Don't Look Now*. *The Man Who Fell to Earth* does not have the personal intensity of the earlier movie nor its daring. Sensing this, perhaps, Roeg and Screenwriter Paul Mayersberg have weighted the slender narrative down with more ideas than it can support: about family structures within different social frameworks and the destruction of innocence by civilization (both explored in *Walkabout*); about shifting identities and sexual roles (echoes from *Performance*).

What is compelling about the film and what makes it still of interest is the burning immediacy of the images: Newton skidding down a hill against a primordial New Mexico landscape; crossing the blasted wastes of a distant planet; Newton, finally without earthly disguise, standing as he really is before a terrified Mary-Lou or removing contact lenses from his yellow, glowing eyes. Roeg's skills always threaten to outbalance whatever he sets them to, and that has happened here. The movie, in all ways, is not good enough for him. **Jay Cocks**

Stretcher-Bearer

MOTHER, JUGS AND SPEED
Directed by PETER YATES
Screenplay by TOM MANKIEWICZ

This won't do but it could have. *Mother, Jugs and Speed* involves the escapades of a bunch of Los Angeles ambulance drivers who hustle catastrophe for \$42.50 plus 50¢-a-mile. Tom Mankiewicz's screenplay owes more than it ought to *M*A*S*H*, but it has found a way to get into the underbelly of a city, to survey the twilight territory where tragedy and comedy trip over each other and make an unsightly mess. What might have been a pitch-black comedy is a movie loaded down with cheapjack melodrama and sleazy yocks.

Bill Cosby and Harvey Keitel portray two hot-shot drivers, Mother and Speed respectively. Raquel Welch also stars, and it does not require a good deal of sophistication to determine which role is hers. In the movie she does not like to be called Jugs (Jennifer is her proper name), and the sympathies of the film makers are entirely with her, even as they exploit her.

Welch retains a vestige of dignity, and a little something more. As last year's *The Wild Party* demonstrated, Welch can handle an emotionally diverse role. She has a moment here mourning the death of a pregnant mother in which she is quite affecting—although Director Peter Yates (*Bullitt*) has edited the scene much to her advantage. Still, she is agile and relaxed, and does not seem particularly out of place either up against the affectless cool of Bill Cosby or the brush-fire intensity of Harvey Keitel, who is among the best young actors around.

Jay Coaks

Gilded Cage

THE BLUE BIRD
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Screenplay by HUGH WHITMORE and ALFRED HAYES

Expensive movies are sometimes made for strange reasons. Quality often has little to do with it. Great amounts of time and huge sums of money are lavished on what Hollywood likes to call "a project" just because a star is "available." *The Blue Bird* belongs to this category, although tangentially. It is probably the first movie in history made because a country was available.

The country is the Soviet Union. *The Blue Bird*, as the publicity puts it, "brought the U.S. and the Soviet Union together for the first cinematic co-production, a distinction accorded to 20th Century-Fox on the American side." The picture is a cultural casualty. The lesson it preaches may have found its origin in the Maurice Maeterlinck play, first performed by the Moscow Art Theater in 1908. An American popular song of somewhat later vintage, however, says

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.

CINEMA

it all, and at least as well: "That bird with feathers of blue/ Is waiting for you/ Right in your own/ Backyard."

The movie gives evidence of having been heavily edited, probably in a Cuisinart. A lot of individual shots do not match. Once in a while, someone breaks into song, suggesting that *The Blue Bird* may once have been a musical. Director George Cukor is one of the most urbane American film makers (*Adam's Rib*, *Holiday*), but here both his good taste and characteristic sophistication have lapsed. Elizabeth Taylor (who plays four roles, including Maternal Love), Ava Gardner (Luxury) and Jane Fonda (who, as Night, is decked out in a costume that makes her look like Ming the Merciless) camp it up like movie queens on an overseas promo junket.

Very little of the Soviet Union is on



TAYLOR IN THE BLUE BIRD
Cultural casualty.

view, save for a few actors badly dubbed, a couple of dancers from the Kirov Ballet and several forests. The most characteristic Russian moment comes in a duet between Will Geer and Mona Washbourne. They portray the deceased grandparents of Tyltyl (Todd Lookinland) and Mytyl (Patsy Kensit), the two intolerable cuties who have been dispatched by Light (one of Miss Taylor's incarnations) to search out the Blue Bird. On their mission, the kids visit the Veil of Memory, where they find Grandma and Grandpa snoozing. Soon after awakening and greeting the kids, these two devout peasants sing a little tune about the melancholy restrictions of heaven. It seems that in paradise, Grandma and Grandpa are not permitted to work, and they are chafing under such unseemly leisure. The kids are sympathetic, but continue their search for the Blue Bird. Grandma and Grandpa then lapse into an impromptu imitation of all prospective audiences for this film by going on the nod again.

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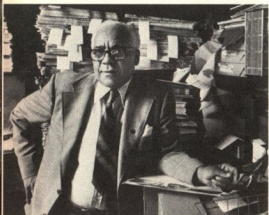
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RICHARD FAINSTEIN

Coping with the New Reality

The gap between black income and white income is widening anew. Black unemployment remains double the rate for whites. Most black children still attend largely black schools. But there is no rioting in the streets, the ghettos are not aflame, and, except where busing is an explosive issue, one of the most contentious and compelling stories of the last decade has faded from U.S. front pages. Writes New York Times Editorialist Roger Wilkins in the May issue of *Esquire*: "When the traumatic upheavals of the Sixties ended, it was easy for whites to retreat once more into the fantasy world in which blacks were not visible, or not important, or both."

As the country's leading black newspaper executives gather in Philadelphia this week for the 36th annual meeting of their National Newspaper Publishers Association, they have a critical question to ponder: Are their enterprises, too, becoming invisible?

Founded in protest and nurtured in militancy, the black press long made a rough and sometimes roisterous contribution to U.S. news reporting. Thirty years ago the Pittsburgh *Courier* had 23 editions, a circulation of 355,000 and an instinct for the jugular. It once hired a white reporter to infiltrate the Ku Klux Klan, and conducted a public fund drive to pay Jackie Robinson's travel expenses to Brooklyn after the Dodgers said they were ready to break baseball's color line. The Baltimore-based *Afro-American* chain told its 154,000 readers what was happening in their communities at a time (as late as 1960) when the first rule impressed upon Baltimore *Sun* police reporters was: if it happened to blacks it isn't news. The Chicago *Defender*, when it was a weekly, once had a circulation that topped 200,000; New York City's *Amsterdam News* had 100,000—figures that far exceeded today's.

White Money. The two most frequently cited causes for the decline of the black press are economics and the brain drain. "The black press today must mostly depend on white advertising," says Psychologist Nathan Hare, former publisher of the militant intellectual magazine *Black Scholar*. "But it is very difficult to make money and be a voice for black revolution." A National Urban League study of the black press reports that "in 1974 black media received less than 1% of the \$13.6 billion in advertising agency billings." With the recent recession hitting their thinly capitalized black advertisers especially hard, even the most successful black publishers find themselves steering more conservative courses than they did in the protest years. Sums up a black Atlanta journalist: "Once a sword for freedom, the black press is now a flaccid instrument."

The harshest charge frequently heard is that the black press is now so steeped in mediocrity that it deserves its troubles. Says John Henrik Clarke, black educator and an editor of the civil rights quarterly *Freedomsays*: "It's doing more copying of the white press than creating. Since the civil rights movement, it has collapsed." A perturbed black journalist calls black papers "woefully understaffed and lacking in quality."

The black press no longer can hire and keep the best black talent, which is now keenly sought by white editors. The Chicago *Defender* pays beginning reporters \$164 per week; the Chicago *Tribune* \$288. "Young journalists use us as a training ground," says John Procopio, publisher of *Amsterdam News*. Nor is the black press the sole voice for the black community, which until the '60s it was. Metropolitan dailies now cover some stories of special interest to blacks, as do local television stations. Moreover, the black press has largely abandoned its protest rationale of almost 150 years (the first black newspaper, *Freedom's Journal*, was published in 1827) without finding a new identity for itself.

But for all their difficulties, the 300 black newspapers in the U.S. still help bridge the gap between white coverage and black reality. Profiles of five of the biggest and most influential:

► The *Amsterdam News* (circ. 66,000) is the largest nonreligious black weekly (the Muslim *Bilalian News*, formerly *Muhammad Speaks*, claims a circulation of 583,000). For most of its 67 years, the *Amsterdam News* has catered to the middle-class aspirations of Harlem's business and professional people. It is sold 90% on the newsstand, and its blazing red front-page headlines stress crime and gossip. But the rest of its news comes in quieter hues: close attention to black politics, knowledgeable reviews of black art, music and books, a World of Work page that offers stories on the movements of blacks in Government and corporate positions, personality profiles, accounts of business successes.

Its editorial staff numbers only 13 and the paper uses no wire service copy, but it still produces major pieces on controversial subjects. Last year it launched a drive against black crime that, according to Publisher Procopio, "wasn't popular because people don't like criticism," and recently it carried a series on rent control that backed the real estate operators. "We caught hell for it, but we got a discussion going," says Procopio. A marketing man before taking over in 1974, Procopio, 42, believes "the cry of the '70s for blacks is economic development and viability." That is also the cry of his paper. Its circulation is down

THE PRESS

from 82,000 in 1973, and it suffered major advertising losses in 1975.

► The Chicago *Defender* (circ. 21,500), one of the country's two black dailies, builds an average 30-page issue around the best national and local coverage of blacks by any paper. It has clout, a creditable news service, and has its stories picked up frequently by Chicago's white dailies. The decision to turn the *Defender*, founded in 1905, into a daily was made in 1956 by Editor and Publisher John Sengstacke, 63. Since then, his company has grown into one of the hundred largest black businesses in America. (Included in its holdings is the *New Pittsburgh Courier*, a healthy five-edition remnant of the old *Courier*, which was in serious financial difficulty when it was acquired in 1966.) After a bad year in 1975, *Defender* circulation and revenues are up. One big problem common to black urban newspapers: distribution. Dealers in interracial neighborhoods refuse to carry the *Defender*, and in black areas street gangs rob the newsboys so often that home delivery is not profitable. Says Editorial Director Louis Martin, 63: "Anyone in the black press knows it's not a profit-making thing. We've got a mission."

► The Atlanta *World* (circ. 19,500), the other black daily, is the fief of a curmudgeon, C.A. Scott, 62, editor, general manager and resident tyrant. Founded in 1928, the *World* was once the flagship of a chain of papers with a circulation of 80,000. Says Scott: "Man, we were trailblazers. It's only in my old age that I realized what we done." What he is doing now is publishing a well-designed and well-edited paper that espouses a conservative posture that confounds progressive blacks; the *World*, for example, has never supported a black against a white in a major political race in Atlanta. Scott's reasoning: "Blacks have got to share power. We've got more than we need now." He believes his paper's job is to "create understanding and peace between the races—we're all Americans." To that end he avoids shrillness and controversy. He claims the first priority of the black press today is to set the same standards he does: "Have the highest possible credibility. Get it straight, accurate and honest so people can believe you." He charges a dime for his paper, up five cents in 48 years.

► The Baltimore *Afro-American* (circ. 28,000) is a semi-weekly with regional editions for Washington, Richmond, New Jersey and the rest of the Northeast that bring its circulation up to 93,500. Founded in 1892, it ought to be known as the Murphy paper. Board Chairman John Murphy III, 60, is a third-generation proprietor, and 15 Murphy family members work for him. The *Afro* serves up rich portions of information on education, careers, con-

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AFRO'S MURPHY (RIGHT) IN PLANT

sumerism and fashion, is keenly aware of black heritage subjects, carries a great deal of Third World news and has its own photographic morgue. Its generally gentlemanly tone contrasts with a helter-skelter makeup that suggests all the news that fits, it prints. Says Murphy: "An editorial on unjust hiring policies doesn't create the same excitement as marches and barking dogs in Birmingham, but we will continue to focus on important problems—housing, education, jobs, voting." The *Afro* has one of the sharpest of young black editors, Raymond Boone, 38, who has brought sophistication and verve to the Richmond edition. He feels the black press must "rededicate itself to serve as a weapon for blacks." The *Afro* has been there before. Its eloquent headline over a 1956 civil rights decision story: EAT ANYWHERE.

► The San Francisco *Sun-Reporter* (circ. 9,600) has been published for 29 years by Carlton Goodlett, 61, a physician who won the \$4,000 downpayment for the weekly in a poker game. Since then it has ranked as one black paper whose righteous anger never falters. The president of the National Newspaper Publishers Association, Goodlett describes himself as "an irritant. A pain. But to those who will listen, I'm a catalytic agent for change, a positive force for the reduction of political violence and economic racism in America." His position of not-so-chic radical makes it no surprise that white advertisers have not flocked to the *Sun-Reporter*. Until the early '70s, Goodlett subsidized his paper from the earnings of his medical practice. His view of the black press today: "It must be the matrix upon which the new image of black America is painted and formulated."

NEWSWATCH/THOMAS GRIFFITH

Scandal That's Fit to Print

Congressman Wayne Hays hasn't got much complaint about his private life becoming public, because he tried to mix the two. Since putting his girl friend on the public payroll raises questions about abuse of trust, a public interest exists in reporting these gossipy matters. Even if you concede that reporters as well as fellow Congressmen barely concealed their lip-smacking enjoyment over the embarrassment of an arrogant and sanctimonious man, no real issue of journalistic invasion of privacy arises. Recently a New York *Times* editor was asked whether in retrospect he regretted the news stories about Wilbur Mills and the Argentine striptease. His only regret, he replied, was not printing the story earlier: the public had a right to know about the drinking habits of the chairman of the most powerful committee in the House of Representatives.

The public's "right to know" is a phrase much bandied about these days, though it has a sketchy standing in a court of law. There is a greater legal right to know, for example, about the behavior of Government officials than about businessmen in general, though the conduct of one might just as surely affect the public's well-being or pocketbook as the other. A public official has had a hard time collecting damages for libel ever since the Supreme Court ruled in 1964 that the press could be excused for printing an erroneous story about an official so long as it was done without malice and after a reasonable attempt to ascertain the truth. Such freedom was necessary, the Supreme Court said, in order that public debate might be "uninhibited, robust and wide open." This reasoning was extended by the courts to cover reporting about any public "figure," but that is now under vigorous legal challenge.

Much of the liveliest reading in newspapers or magazines hardly deserves being defended as part of the public's right to know. Reader curiosity, a motive much less noble, is the real reason such stories appear. Because it depends on a subject's readiness to talk, a lot of the scandal that gets printed is not subject to court review. Those who live beneath publicity's strobe lights—athletes, politicians, entertainers and the like—naturally want it both ways; they want their privacy yet covet public attention. Preferring to be talked of rather than forgotten, fearing the displeasure of those who can mention or ignore them, they often make unhappy bargains with reporters or television interviewers. Their voluntary surrender of privacy—in a showboat, show-biz way—is often carried to exhibitionist extremes by freewheeling celebrities who casually acknowledge their informal sleeping arrangements as a way to celebrate their life-styles or show their scorn of bourgeois values. But even editors who turn a glazed eye on entertainers' infidelities (so what else is new?) believe that presidential or congressional liaisons, when flaunted, matter in an assessment of an officeholder's character. Publishing such news, they say, is both of interest and in the public interest.

As a young lawyer in the Victorian 1890s, Louis Brandeis wrote that "the press is overstepping in every direction the obvious bounds of propriety and of decency. Gossip is no longer the resource of the idle and of the vicious, but has become a trade, which is pursued with industry as well as effrontery." Many years later, as a Supreme Court Justice, Brandeis, in a famous dissent protesting the wiretapping of a bootlegger, sought to establish an individual's right to be let alone. This is a cause that has not gotten very far. Philip Kurland, the distinguished law professor at the University of Chicago, has concluded to his own dismay: "The constitutional right of privacy, in Brandeis' sense of a right to be let alone, will always be a minimal and never a major source in constitutional law." This is due, Kurland emphasized in a recent speech, "in no small part to the public commitment to voyeurism," a commitment made evident by what turns up in print.

Editors might hesitate to describe as voyeurism the public tastes they cater to, but they do constantly broaden their standards of what is fit to print. The direction is mostly downhill, or toward more freedom, depending on your point of view. After all, women—Congressmen's girl friends, Presidents' bedmates—now gleefully sign book contracts to describe conduct that once would have earned them a scarlet A as a branded adulteress.

One healthy form of editorial restraint seems to be emerging. This is to report scandal that a public figure such as Congressman Hays can be held responsible for, but not to record the misbehavior of those, like sons or daughters caught in drug arrests, whose only claim to special notice is their relationship to someone in the news. That distinction is not yet universal, but it should be.

SHOW BUSINESS

PLAYWRIGHTS

California Simonized

When he left New York last January to establish himself in Hollywood, Neil Simon, Broadway's best comic playwright, seemed destined to dissolve into orange juice. The master of the sharp New York-Jewish one-liner, the one man who has been able to keep Broadway alive and kicking for 15 years—with *Sunshine Boys*, *Plaza Suite*, *The Odd Couple* and *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*—could not possibly survive in all that gossamer. He was too deep into Broadway to travel well. His brains would scramble in the sun. The sands of Malibu would jam his typewriter if tennis elbow did not strike him limp first. Simon told a reporter eight years ago that he "would rot" if he ever left New York. "I have to stay here; I'm a fish and I was born in a dirty pond and that's how I breathe in that pond." But the pond began to dry up. Simon's wife Joan died of cancer in 1973. Last year, in New Haven, Simon abruptly decided that he had to move. "I suddenly realized after all these years I was beginning to recognize the audiences in the theater. They were almost familiar faces. The New York winter was getting me down. My old place housed too many ghosts."

MARSHA & NEIL SIMON IN HOLLYWOOD



In the brief period since he set himself up in a Bel Air mansion, Simon, now 48, has not only survived but scored mightily. His new movie, *Murder by Death*, starring Truman Capote, Sir Alec Guinness, Maggie Smith, Peter Sellers and David Niven, will open later this month, and by all advance reports it is one of Simon's best pictures. His new play, *California Suite*, a sort of *Plaza Suite* West, starring George Grizzard and Tammy Grimes, played to cheering houses in Los Angeles' Ahmanson Theater for six weeks. The show was such a hit that it has already more than repaid its backers (about \$200,000) and this week will open in the black on Broadway.

Something Borrowed. Even Simon is amazed by the success of his play. "I was nervous," he told TIME Correspondent Leo Janos last week, "especially seeing all those very Waspy types from Pasadena troop into the theater. I wondered whether someone who's so New York in his humor would be funny to them." They laughed because portions of *California Suite*, a series of four one-acters, play skillfully on Simon's view of the absurdity of the New York v. Hollywood chauvinism. "This place," snorts a New York woman as she arrives in Beverly Hills, "smells like an overripe cantaloupe." At another point her ex-husband declares: "New York isn't Mecca just because it smells that way."

What pleases the Western audiences, apart from the crisp gags, is the smug conviction that California has captured the great Neil Simon and thus is one up on New York. But it is not quite that simple. Simon has not succumbed to California; he has just borrowed it. He asks: "How can I be a turncoat when everything about me—all the baggage I've accumulated since my birth—is pure New York?" In Manhattan, Simon lived in a comfortable East Side townhouse. Now he has a massive electronic gate blocking the entrance to the ten-room house, gardens and pool that he shares with his second wife, Actress Marsha Mason, and his two daughters, Ellen, 19, and Nancy, 13. He gets his New York *Times* every Sunday to keep in touch—but the *Times* is not the New York he misses. "There's no ambience in Los Angeles," he complains, "and no side-walks. No place to walk to, no strolling or window-shopping. I love sunshine, but there have been times when I've looked up into another one of those endless cloudless days and told God, 'O.K., enough already. Can't you arrange for a drizzle?'"

His prayer unanswered, Simon last week packed a bag and lit out for the New York opening of *California Suite*. Said he: "To tell the truth, I'm really looking forward to it. I need a fix." To tell the truth, so does Broadway.

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THE THEATER

He Done Her Wrong

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED
SUICIDE/ WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF
by NTOZAKE SHANGE

In poetry, the self wrestles with the self. In drama, the self wrestles with others. It is difficult to reconcile these disparate angles of vision. Ntozake Shange almost succeeds, and she has created a poignant, gripping, angry and beautiful theater work.

Seven black actress-dancers, costumed in solid colors with the stark simplicity of a Greek chorus, deliver dramatic monologues about being black, blue, and bruised by love. The tension of the evening stems from two separate strands of emotion. On the one hand, these monologues are portraits in embittered pain, the basic proposition being, "He done her wrong." On the other

by FRIDMAN



SHANGE & LEAGUE IN COLORED GIRLS
Look black in anger.

er hand, they demonstrate the concentric power of love in a woman's life. If Playwright Shange had chosen an epigraph for her play, the one most suited to it is the one that in her militantly feminist way she would not have chosen: Byron's "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart: 'tis woman's whole existence."

If they can see themselves through Shange's eyes, black men are going to wince. They are portrayed as brutal con men and amorous double-dealers. A segment called "Dark Phrases," featuring Janet League, telescopes a black woman's experience, and in a cruel tale of love and blood lust called "A Nite With Beau Willie Brown," Trazana Beverley brings the audience to a culminating gasp of agony. An altogether excellent cast not only dances but delivers lines with a revivalist fervor that might have inspired Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. **T.E. Kalem**

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BOOKS

The Ring Cycle

THE LARDNERS: MY FAMILY REMEMBERED
by RING LARDNER, JR.
371 pages. Harper & Row. \$12.95.

SOME CHAMPIONS—SKETCHES AND FICTION
by RING LARDNER
Edited by MATTHEW J. BRUCCOLI
and RICHARD LAYMAN
205 pages. Scribner's. \$8.95.

Before he died in 1934, at 48, Ring Lardner wore out, but he never wore thin. In recent, self-absorbed decades, he has been more reminisced about than read. The literate young know him fondly (a middle-aged reader supposes) as a hard-drinking character in one of Damon Runyon's baseball stories, or perhaps as the author who invented the hard-drinking baseball player, Damon Runyon.

That is either here nor there, as Lardner's hard-spelling pitcher Jack Keefe wrote to his friend Al in *Call for Mr. Keefe!* Some dusting off is necessary, not for the benefit of the splendid Lardner, but for those hardship cases who have yet to become his readers. The two volumes at hand do the job agreeably.

Some Champions is a collection of Lardner's sketches and short stories, not quite his best work but in no sense resembling the failed first drafts and wadded-up fragments that literary trash sifters sometimes tie like tin cans to the reputations of the famous dead. All the pieces have been published, but none have been collected—some late works, because Lardner died before getting around to putting them between hard covers, and some early pieces, because he didn't know where they were. He never made carbons, according to his son Ring, Jr., and he fired his originals off to magazines with the carelessness of a man folding and tossing paper airplanes.

Amiable Lies. There are a couple of funny baseball stories in *Some Champions*. Lardner's hero is the stalwart Keefe, who has a nice smile and a gorgeous head of bone. He brags in a letter to Friend Al that he is in line for a big raise if he beats the Red Sox. The date of the story—roughly 1918—can be guessed from the fact that the Boston pitcher is Babe Ruth, who had not yet switched to the Yankees and the outfield, and from the size of the big raise—\$600, bringing Keefe to the affluence of \$3,000 a year, a sum barely adequate to pay a modern player's hair stylist.

Some of Lardner's best work appeared as a kind of joshing reminiscence, in which amiable lies were the form and truths of varying bitterness were the content. In *What I Ought to of Learnt in School*, published in the *American Mag-*

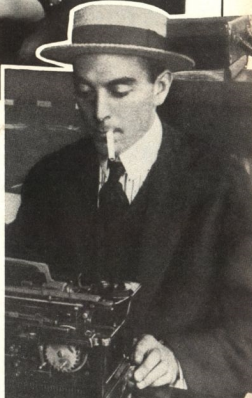


RING LARDNER IN 1923 WITH (FROM LEFT) RING JR., JAMES, DAVID & JOHN

azine in 1923, the writer reports bleakly of his schooling in Niles, Mich.: "Well I don't know how it is now, but in those times practically all the teachers in high school was members of the fair sex. Some of them was charter members." That throwaway second sentence, evoking algebra-spouting harpies of deadly rectitude, would be recognizable as pure Lardner if it were found unsigned in a fortune cookie.

Three-Day Bat. The humor is more rueful in a short piece called *X-Ray*, written for *The New Yorker* in 1930. By that time Lardner's health was failing. He was drinking heavily, though still writing lightly. At the end the author is being carted to a hospital, his Lardner tone still unmistakable: "In an ambulance they made you ride lying down, whereas you can take your choice in a taxi."

Ring Lardner, Jr., who is now 60 himself, recalls his father, his mother Ellis and his three brothers with an affection that seems entirely clear and untroubled. He is the last survivor of a bright and rowdy household. Both mother and Elder Brother John died 15 years ago. Jim Lardner, a year older than Ring, Jr., died at 25 while fighting with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. The youngest brother, David, died reporting on World War II for *The New Yorker*. Remarkably, each son became a writer, and a good one. Jim and David were respected journalists in their early 20s; John was the best sports columnist in the country (give or take Red Smith) when he died, and Ring, Jr., a gifted screenwriter, won an Academy Award for a Katharine Hepburn movie called *Woman of the Year*. He survived the years of the Hollywood blacklist (he was a Communist and a



SPORTSWRITER IN CHICAGO, CIRCA 1913
Wearing thin but never out.

member of the "Hollywood Ten," who refused to give testimony about other party members) and came back to write the original movie script for *M*A*S*H*.

But Father was clearly the star of the family—as writer, impromptu poet, rough-and-tumble piano player, talker, storm center, alcoholic and great soul. He was a boyish man who died young, and perhaps if he had gambled into old age he would have oppressed his sons. As things were, when he was absent from the big, prosperous houses he set up in Great Neck and then in East Hampton, he was missed. He spent days in Manhattan, working in a hotel room or boozing with his friends, and when he came home on the morning train, shaky from a three-day bat, he

BOOKS

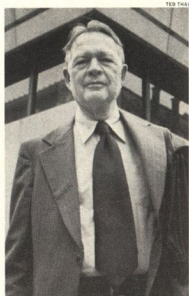
made sure that he did not appear till his sons had left for school.

There is bitterness in Lardner's later work, and critics have put forward the assertion that his humor sprouted in a bog of misanthropy. Not so, says Ring, Jr. convincingly; his father was a cynic, but he did not hate mankind. The dark strain in his work is self-disgust. He knew that booze—writers' disease—was gaining on him, and that he could not run any faster. **John Skow**

Crime and Punishment?

COURTS OF TERROR: SOVIET CRIMINAL JUSTICE AND JEWISH EMIGRATION
by TELFORD TAYLOR
187 pages. Knopf. \$6.95. \$1.95 paperback.

Alexander Feldman from Kiev was sentenced to 3½ years in a Soviet labor camp. The charge: knocking a cake out of a woman's hands and addressing her



ATTORNEY-AUTHOR TELFORD TAYLOR
Some faint hope.

obscenely. Pinkhas Pinkhasov, a carpenter from Derbent, received a term of five years. The charge: overcharging for his services. Isaac Shkolnik of Vinnitsa in the Ukraine was sentenced to ten years in a labor camp for "systematically" collecting "espionage material about the Soviet Union with a view to selling it to Israeli intelligence." In none of these cases was any witness or credible evidence produced to prove the charges.

The real offense of all three men, as of 16 other people whose trials are examined in *Courts of Terror*, was a desire to emigrate to Israel.

For Americans, who have been led to believe that crime (real or fancied) and punishment in the Soviet Union is largely a matter of the midnight knock on the door and a hasty trip to a labor

camp, such cases at first glance will not seem very surprising. But in fact the U.S.S.R. has an elaborate and, on the surface, enlightened legal code that—since the days of Stalin—has customarily been followed. One of the fascinations of *Courts of Terror* is its depiction of a government in the tortuous process of subverting its own laws for reasons of propaganda and political expediency.

Soviet trials are decided not by jurors but by three court officials, a judge and two "people's assessors." In a case like that of Isaac Shkolnik, the Soviet authorities confronted an awkward problem. Wanting to emigrate to Israel is not, according to Soviet law, a crime, though it is disturbing to Soviet authorities since one émigré tends to encourage others to try to leave the supposed Socialist paradise. But if law is to have any general vitality, its forms must be maintained. Hence charges of real, but uncommitted crimes had to be fabricated for would-be émigrés. What the West would regard as a peccadillo (knocking that cake from a woman's hands) was exaggerated into "hooliganism," which is a felony in the Soviet Union. The possession of Zionist literature became evidence of treasonous intent. Even so, convictions had to be obtained by means of crudely rigged trials presided over by compliant or, in some cases, intimidated court officials.

Courts of Terror is the result of a human rights project that failed. Led by Telford Taylor, who was U.S. prosecutor at the Nürnberg War Crimes Trials of 1946, a group of distinguished American lawyers gained power of attorney for the relatives in Israel of 19 Jews serving sentences at various labor camps within the Soviet Union. The hope was that the Soviets would respect their own laws enough for cogent arguments by foreign colleagues to induce them to reconsider the harsh sentences meted out to the 19 Jewish prisoners. The U.S. lawyers first studied Soviet law. For months they prepared defense briefs, excerpts of which form an appendix to the book, detailing how, in each of the cases, convictions had been obtained in flagrant violation of the Soviets' own statutes. The lawyers even journeyed to Moscow and presented their briefs to the Soviet procurator-general—one Roman Rudenko, who had been, coincidentally, Taylor's Soviet counterpart at Nürnberg.

Belated Clemency. There were among Taylor's clients, as he puts it, "no poets, or ballet dancers or famous scientists—no Solzhenitsyns, Panovs, or Sakharovs"—i.e., personalities with the kind of repute that might ensure an international outcry and possibly have an effect on the Kremlin. Taylor only went public with this unique, and hitherto discreetly quiet, legal-aid effort after it became clear that the only response obtainable from Soviet legal authorities was either embarrassed obfuscation or pure stony silence. Still Taylor has some faint hope. Months after the project ended in 1975, one of the 19 defendants,

Pinkhasov, was suddenly given a reduced sentence—and even received permission to emigrate to Israel. Perhaps, speculates Taylor, public pressure had something to do with the Soviet government's belated act of clemency. The bare possibility justifies the lawyers' effort—and the book. **Richard Bernstein**

The Preoccupation Of Britain

THE G.I.'s
by NORMAN LONGMATE
416 pages. Scribner's. \$12.50.

On Jan. 26, 1942, there began what might be called the Preoccupation of Britain. It was on that misty day at the nadir of World War II that the U.S. 34th Infantry Division lurched ashore in Belfast, vanguard of the first foreign army to disunite the kingdom since 1066 and all that. The Americans were to be the



AMERICANS AT AN ENGLISH PUB, 1943
Things in cans, from jam to ham.

matter and yatter of Britain for the ensuing three years, in which some 2 million G.I.'s bought and bullied their way through England's gray and rationed land. In turn, the Yanks were in a real sense repossessed by the nation they had shucked since 1776 and sixth-grade history.

"The only thing I knew about England," admitted an Army truck driver from Massachusetts, "was that it was an island off the coast of France." More sophisticated compatriots knew it was filled with lords, butlers and detectives. Thanks to Hollywood, the English were considerably better informed about America. Everyone knew the U.S. was filled with cowboys, gangsters, slaves, millionaires and crooners.

The reality, for both Britons and

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BOOKS

Americans, produced not culture shock
but culture swoon. The greenness and
smallness of Britain captivated the
Yanks, followed in short order by the
beer, fish and chips, pubs, bikes and, of
course, the dames. Their hosts were fas-
cinated by Jeeps, all things in cans from
jam to ham, jitterbugging, frozen steaks,
cigars and the incredible generosity of
G.I.'s—who were paid five times as
much as a tommy. There was also the
legend of Yankee sexual rapacity and
capacity. "They're overfed, overpaid,
oversexed and over here," ran the fa-
miliar litany—to which the Yanks had
a less quoted riposte about the British:
"They're underfed, underpaid, under-
sexed and under Eisenhower."

Tart and Treacle. The gibes
were not always unfriendly though. A
generation of British children grew up
believing that Santa Claus had an Amer-
ican accent and called all girls Honey.
There were more than 70,000 wartime
Anglo-American marriages, and the
great majority appear to have fared
well.

Author Norman Longmate, who has
created this nostalgic blend of tart and
treacle, had never met an American
before 1941, when he was 15 years
old. He later served with a combined
U.S.-British group in London's Gros-
venor Square ("Eisenhowerplatz"), and
points out that transatlantic camara-
derie had everything going against it,
including the barrier of a common lan-
guage. G.I.'s were startled to hear their
girl friends complain that they had been
"knocked up" (awakened) during the
night. "Say, Honey, what do you do
about sex over here?" inquired a hope-
ful Yank in County Antrim. "Oh," said
the girl, "we do havin' our tea about
that time."

Michael Demarest

Best Sellers

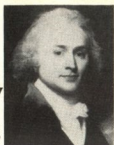
FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Uris (1 last week)
- 2—1876, Vidal (2)
- 3—A Stranger in the Mirror,
Sheldahl (3)
- 4—Agent in Place, MacInnes (4)
- 5—The Deep, Benchley (7)
- 6—The Gemini Contenders,
Ludlum (6)
- 7—The West End Horror, Meyer (9)
- 8—The Lonely Lady, Robbins
- 9—The R Document, Wallace (5)
- 10—The Boys from Brazil, Levin (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Final Days, Woodward &
Bernstein (1)
- 2—World of Our Fathers, Howe (2)
- 3—Scoundrel Time, Hellman (6)
- 4—A Man Called Intrepid,
Slevenson (3)
- 5—A Year of Beauty and Health,
Beverly & Vidal Sassoon (5)
- 6—The Rockefeller, Collier &
Horowitz (4)
- 7—The Russians, Smith (7)
- 8—Spandau, Speer (8)
- 9—The People's Almanac,
Wallechinsky & Wallace (9)
- 10—Doris Day, Hatcher (10)

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Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



Courtesy of Emily C. Messer



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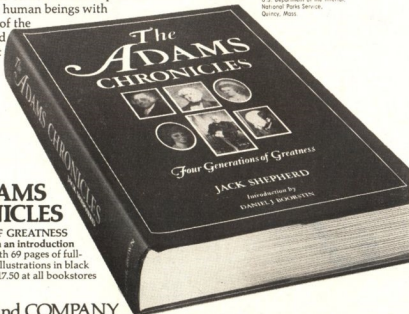


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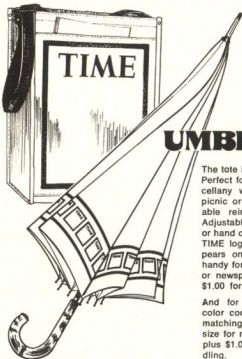
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STUDENT USING SIGN LANGUAGE



TENNIS AT COLLEGE FOR THE DEAF

Quiet College

As the class of '76 takes on the world, colleges across the country look to the performance of their placement programs as one indication of their success. At Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C., the figures are heartening. By September, more than 90% of the school's 147 graduating men and women will find a spot in either graduate school, teaching, social work, a Government agency or private industry. What makes the figure all the more impressive is that Gallaudet is a college for the deaf.

Model Grants. Founded by an act of Congress signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1864, Gallaudet is the only liberal arts college for the deaf in the world. It draws its 1,000 students from 22 countries, but most applicants are Americans who receive scholarships from their states to help pay the \$3,000 annual fee for tuition, room and board. Congress contributes 90% of Gallaudet's operating costs as well as grants to operate model elementary and secondary schools for the deaf and a center that provides legal advice on request from the 14 million people in the U.S. who are deaf or have severely impaired hearing.

Whereas many schools for the deaf, especially in Europe, insist that their students learn to lip-read—theoretically, to make their handicap as unnoticeable as possible—Gallaudet favors a "total communications" approach. Signed English, or manual translation of the language, is used in classes as the teachers speak their lectures, while Ameslan,

or American Sign Language, a grammatically different and faster sign language, is used by some teachers and is popular among the students out of class. Since many Gallaudet students enroll with vocabulary deficiencies, especially if they are deaf from birth, a preparatory year is added to the normal four-year course of study.

More than a fourth of the 186 teachers at Gallaudet are themselves deaf, and all must learn sign language if they want tenure. A full range of courses is available in the humanities, arts and sciences, and conversational courses in Spanish and French are particularly popular. These courses are taught by either phonic spelling or "cued" speech, a system of hand signals made close to the mouth.

Since students cannot hear ordinary knocks on their dormitory doors, switches in the hallways flash light signals inside the rooms. Classes too are brought to order by blinking lights, but otherwise classroom scenes are similar to those at other colleges. At Teacher Beverly Bocaner's class on auditory and communication processes, almost all the T-shirted, blue-jeaned students pay close attention, but in the back of the room a few students "whisper" (in discreet sign language). Says Senior Math Major David Birnbaum: "At Gallaudet I can argue and discuss things. I'm really part of the class."

The college also provides the full gamut of extracurricular activities. Subtitled foreign films are favorites at the Student Union, while the No Name Band, a campus rock ensemble whose

primary virtue is its loudness, entertains at dances. If the band is not available, students like to sit on a local club's jukebox to enjoy the vibrations. The athletic department offers a well-rounded program of intramural and intercollegiate sports—the college fielded 17 varsity teams this year—and the drama club regularly produces such plays as *The Fantasticks* or *Only an Orphan Girl*, using sign language delivered in broad gestures. There are also readers for the hearing guests in the audience.

Some people argue that institutions designed only for the deaf and other handicapped isolate them and make them too dependent on special aids. Gallaudet President Edward C. Merrill Jr. disagrees. He believes that a variety of options should be available, including courses at hearing colleges, but that "for a deaf student, this is a more normal world."

Kudos: Round 3

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Walter Washington, L.L.D., mayor of Washington, D.C.

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 Juanita Kreps, L.L.D., vice president of Duke University.

BAYARD RUSTIN



PETER J. BRENNAN



MILESTONES

Died. Martha Mitchell, 57, whose late-night telephone ramblings with reporters about the horrors of the Nixon Administration turned out to be considerably more than hallucinations; of cancer of the bone marrow; in Manhattan (see THE NATION).

Died. Jacques Monod, 66, Nobel Prize laureate for his research into the mechanics of heredity, which led him to claim that man is a cosmological accident; of blood disease; in Cannes. A Resistance fighter, molecular biologist and, since 1971, director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, he helped solve the riddle of how cells develop into unique structures like hair or the heart. In his bestselling 1970 book *Chance and Necessity*, he argued that there is neither god nor grand design in the universe: "Chance alone is at the source of all novelty, all creation." His critics found his philosophy chilling and pessimistic. But like his friend Albert Camus, he seemed to find a transcendent freedom in the lack of hope. "Man knows at last that he is alone in the universe's unfeeling immensity," he wrote. "His destiny is nowhere spelled out, nor is his duty. The kingdom above or the darkness below: it is for him to choose."

Died. Mitsuo Fuchida, 73, the Japanese Imperial Navy pilot who led the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor that jolted the U.S. into World War II on Dec. 7, 1941; of diabetes; in Kashirhara, Japan. Six months after radioing his jubilant message of success ("Tora! Tora! Tora!") from Hawaii, Fuchida was severely wounded in the battle of Midway and spent the rest of the war as a staff officer. A chance encounter with a missionary in 1949 converted him to Christianity. He became a prolific writer of religious tracts and war histories, including *Midway*, the *Battle That Doomed Japan*, a close-up view of the Japanese forces in their moment of decisive defeat.

Died. Jean Paul Getty, 83, oil tycoon and one of the world's wealthiest men; of heart failure; in Surrey, England; (see BUSINESS).

Died. Max Carey, 86, former Pittsburgh Pirate and Brooklyn Dodger outfielder who stole a spot in the Hall of Fame by swiping 738 bases during a 20-year career in the majors that ended in 1933; of cancer; in Miami. Noting Carey's better success ratio, some baseball observers rate him above legendary Base Bandit Ty Cobb, who finished his 24-year American League career with 892 steals. But while in one year Cobb was thrown out 38 times in 134 attempts, Carey, in 1922, stole 51 bases in 53 attempts.

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